

OUR GREAT NEW SERIAL BEGINS ON PAGE 5

# The Daily Mirror

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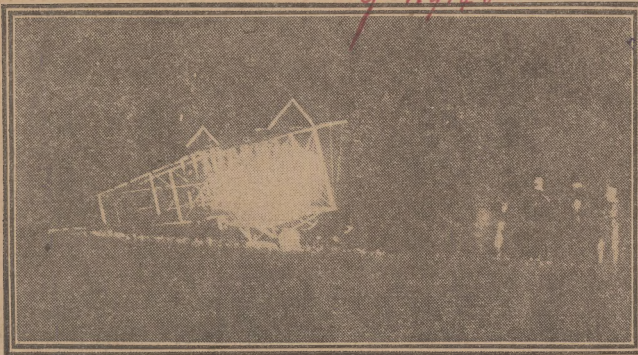
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One Halfpenny.

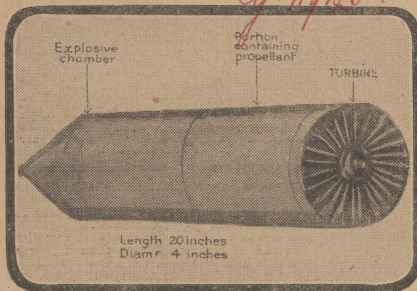
## ZEPPELIN FIRES AERIAL TORPEDOES ON PARIS: CHASED THROUGH THE MIST BY THIRTY AEROPLANES.



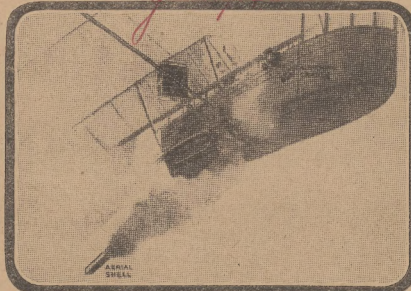
French aeroplane prepares to make a night ascent to engage an enemy.



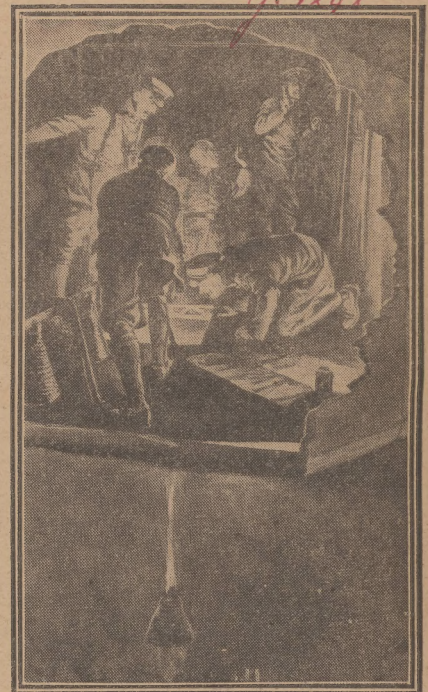
Listening post at Paris.



An aerial torpedo—



—And how it is fired.—(Sphere.)



The bomb-dropping chamber of a "Zepp."



Sweeping the skies for hostile aircraft. A night scene in the Place de la Concorde, Paris.

Evading the patrol in the thick mist, a Zeppelin visited Paris on Saturday night and fired aerial torpedoes, with the result that a number of innocent civilians were killed and wounded. Thirty aeroplanes at once rose into the skies to chase away the air mur-

derers, but the weather conditions were all against the pilots, and only one was enabled to engage the enemy. Both Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law were, it is believed, in the city at the time of the raid.

## DRUG FARMING AS WAR WORK.

Women's Scheme to Grow Herbs for Medical Purposes.

### INCREASING PRICES.

Herb-growing for women is the newest war industry.

Really it is an old industry revived, for in the old days England used to grow most of its own drugs, but in recent years the industry passed largely to Germany, Austria-Hungary and the Balkans.

The result is that now there is a great shortage of drugs, and to meet the increasing needs of the hospitals, the doctors, and the druggists, the Women's Herb-Growing Association has been formed to organise in this country the growth, the collection and the distribution of herbs.

#### WOMEN HORTICULTURISTS.

The new association, composed of practical women horticulturists, under the chairmanship of Miss Wilkinson, the principal of Swanley Horticultural College, intends to prove that the industry can again be carried on in this country profitably, and by women.

"The intention," Mrs. T. Chamberlain, a member of the association, told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, "is to work a central drug farm, where many of the requisite herbs can be

## READY FOR KHAKI.

Derby Recruits Mastering the Rudiments of Drill in Advance.

### THE HANDICAPPED LAGGARD.

Now that the armlet men are getting near the time of their calling up many of them are accepting the offers of the volunteer companies to put them through their preliminaries.

Not that they will not have to do it again, for no self-respecting drill sergeant will accept a recruit into the Army without putting him through it.

But being put through it by a fiery sergeant of regulars, who is at it from morning to night, and a more or less sympathetic volunteer N.C.O. are two vastly different things.

It is not claimed that the volunteer instructor will get the recruit on so fast as the sergeant who asks him sarcastically: "How many left hands have you got?" and "Are you looking for quids on the floor?" and so on.

But the recruit who goes to the G.R. man with the desire to learn will find his early days in the Army a bed of roses compared with what some of his comrades will endure.

In Temple Gardens yesterday a G.R. platoon sergeant had a squad of seven khaki armletted men standing round him, asking questions.

Question time over, the word of command was given to a tall, strapping fellow to fall out as marker. Out from his fellows he strode, head up, shoulders back, came to the "slope arms" in three decisive movements, halted, turned to right with a snap and marched to his position.

"He has done twelve drills," said the sergeant, "and although he is the best of the lot the others are all very good for so short a time."

Nearly every volunteer company now welcomes Derby men to its parades. Times of parades can be found at the various headquarters, and generally in the local Press.

## GUARD EVERY SCRAP.

Hints on How to Economise in the Use of Paper.

### DON'T WRITE SO MANY LETTERS

Economy in paper is now the order of the day. Every scrap of paper that comes into the house will have to be carefully husbanded.

There are many ways in which economies can be effected, for few people realise the extent to which paper is wasted in ordinary times.

Discussing the question with *The Daily Mirror*, a well-known hostess in the social world laid down some rules for the guidance of housewives.

"Use gas fires instead of coal fires. You will save quite a lot of paper this way."

"Don't have the walls of your rooms repapered this year. Wait till the war is over."

"Don't write so many foolish letters. You can say all you want to say in two pages. Write on both sides of the paper. Where possible, use postcards."

"Take your bag with you when you go out shopping. Then it will not be necessary to have your goods wrapped up."

"Pay for your goods when you order them, and so obviate the necessity for a tradesman's book."

"Do without paper serviettes and dish-plates. When shopping at the stores have all your goods put together instead of having them done up in twenty different parcels."

Above all, don't destroy your newspapers. A use will be found for them."

## MR. A. FISHER ARRIVES.

New High Commissioner Journeys 340 Miles Without Seeing a Soul.

The Right Hon. Andrew Fisher, the new High Commissioner for Australia, arrived in London yesterday afternoon.

In an interview with a Press representative Mr. A. Fisher said that he fully appreciated the special responsibilities of the office of High Commissioner for Australia at the present time, and he intended to give special attention to the many important subjects affecting Australia during and after the war.

Mr. Fisher has supplied the following details of his recent trip across Australia:—

The party left Adelaide on Saturday morning, November 20 and arrived at Port Augusta at 7.30 p.m. the same evening. We left at ten o'clock for the head of the eastern section of the Trans-Australian Railway, which is 332 miles from Port Augusta.

The party left the head of the railroad in South Australia on Monday morning at eight o'clock in two buggies, each drawn by four camels. There was in addition a string of pack camels. We traversed eighteen miles before camping for the night. On the following day (Tuesday) the distance covered was nineteen and a half miles.

For the greater part of the camel journey the party were charmed by the attractiveness and beauty of the flowers, which seemed to be everlasting.

At one o'clock the journey across Nullabor Plain was begun. The plain is one of the largest, if not the largest, plain in the world, and runs for 430 miles east and west, and its width averages about 230 miles.

As the name indicates, the chief characteristic of the plain is the almost total absence of trees. At the head of the line the sheep fatten whilst waiting for the butcher, and I am per-

fectly satisfied that if water were made available Nullabor Plain would support at least a couple of million head of sheep.

The party camped at C. Bore, having on Saturday come eighty-six miles. The following morning an early start was made. The Western Australian border was crossed at one o'clock.

We had in all come a distance of some 340 miles from the head of the South Australian Railway section, and during the whole journey we had not passed a single traveller on the road nor seen a permanent habitation.

## STATE GRIP ON LUXURIES

Taxes on Theatres, Music-Halls, Cinemas and Other Entertainments Foreshadowed.

At last the Government has taken seriously in hand the task of dealing with luxuries.

The practice of a rigid economy will be in the future not merely recommended. It will be enforced.

There are still some thousands of English people to whom the realities of the last eighteen months have not yet been "brought home." They still order their lives as in the old, irresponsible days before the war.

Speaking recently at the London School of Economics, Mr. Herbert Samuel said: "The majority of people are continuing their scale of expenditure as though no intimation to economise had been given them."

The restrictions on imported luxuries foreshadowed by Mr. Runciman last Thursday are only a first effort in the direction of an enforced national economy. They will be succeeded by others yet more drastic.

Yesterday it was stated that a tax on theatres, music-halls, cinema palaces and other entertainments is to form one of the most prominent features in Mr. McKenna's new Budget.

It is probable that at the cinemas the price of seats will have to be raised, as the cost of production has considerably increased since the outbreak of the war.

### ENGAGEMENT BROKEN OFF.

"The engagement announced some months ago between Major R. Lloyd George and Miss Delys Roberts, Carnarvon, is broken off."

This announcement, made on Saturday, refers to the Minister of Munitions' eldest son.

Miss Delys Roberts is the daughter of Sir John and Lady Roberts, of Carnarvon. Sir John Roberts was Mayor of Carnarvon in 1910, and previously he was clerk to the Carnarvonshire County Council.

While on a visit to Downing-street Miss Delys Roberts was an interested spectator of a parade of the North Wales brigades of the Welsh Fusiliers, in which Major R. Lloyd George took part.

During her visit to London she went about a good deal with Miss Olwen Lloyd George.



French armoured train preparing to move out to an attack.

## SAVE SIXPENCE FOR WAR LOAN.

Scheme to Obtain 15s. 6d. by Thirty-One Instalments.

### CHANCE FOR EVERYONE.

Everybody who is able to save only 15s. 6d. even if in instalments—will very soon be able to invest in War Loans on the most attractive terms.

The Government Committee on War Loans for the Small Investor which has already recommended the removal for the period of the war of the restrictions on the amount deposited in the Savings Banks and the issue of Exchequer Bonds in £5, £20 and £50, now recommends the adoption of an instalment scheme under which those who cannot invest £5 at once will be able to accumulate their savings until they amount to 15s. 6d.

The deposit will then accumulate at 5 per cent. compound interest until at the end of five years the depositor will be able to receive £1.

#### FREE OF INCOME-TAX.

Facilities for withdrawal will also be given if the money is required before the end of the period, with a certain amount of interest if a year has elapsed since the date of deposit.

The accumulated interest under this scheme is to be entirely free of income-tax, but the scheme will be confined to persons whose total income does not exceed £300 a year.

The recommendations have been approved, *The Daily Mirror* understands, and instalments are being taken to carry them into effect. Under the scheme it is provided that facilities shall be given for the accumulation of instalments



While Corporal Martindale, who was mentioned in dispatches for trying to save his officer and doctor under fire, was lying mortally wounded, he continually cried out for his sister, Mrs. Holliday of Willemsen, The Bishop of London induced the War Office to allow her to go to France, and she spent four days with her brother before he died.

until they reach 15s. 6d., either through the ordinary machinery of the savings banks or by means of the issue of cards with spaces for thirty-one 6d. stamps, or otherwise.

The deposits will be repayable at any time at the end of any period less than a year at 15s. 6d. without addition, upon the completion of a year from the date of deposit at 15s. 9d., and thereafter with the addition of a further 1d. for each complete month in excess of twelve since the date of issue.

There is no recommendation of any increase in the rate of interest allowed on ordinary savings banks deposits.

A moderate increase in the existing rate—2½ per cent.—would result, says the Committee's report, in imposing a heavy charge upon the taxpayer in respect of the £250,000,000 of existing deposits not attracting any appreciable amount of new money.

#### NO STATE LOTTERIES.

Nor has the State lottery proposal or "Bonus Bonds," as they are termed, found general favour with the Committee.

"Bonus Bonds," says the report, "would probably be a very attractive form of investment and very considerable sums might be obtained by an issue of this character."

"But, on the other hand, objection would not improbably be taken by a section of the community to any proposal in which the element of chance is involved, and as an opinion in the Committee was somewhat sharply divided, we are not able to make any recommendation on the subject."

The Committee reports also that it would be unwise to attempt any scheme of compulsion in raising war loans, even if such scheme were administratively practicable, until it was clear that voluntary means had failed.

### "WHERE'S YOUR ARMLET?"

There was a dispute at one end of a darkened London County Council tramway-car, and a voice was heard demanding: "Well, where's your armlet?"

That was the signal for a burst of indignation. A tall, soldierly-looking man of thirty stood up quivering with rage. "Where's my armlet, did you say? Here's my answer." Pulling out an Army paybook and discharge form, he handed them round the tramway-car.

"I joined the Coldstream Guards in August, 1914, and went out in October. I am just out of hospital, as the result of being knocked over at Festubert, and am asked, 'Where's my armlet?' by a man who hasn't the pluck to attest."

Read "The Strong Man of Australia," by Aubrey Wilmer, on page 7.



Private J. F. Wilson, (20th County of London Regiment) and his bride (Miss Phyllis Carter), who were married at Hither Green on Saturday. Private Wilson, who is a sports journalist, was the author of a graphic account of the battle of Loos entitled "How the Territorials Took the Tower Bridge." He was wounded during the engagement.

grown, and where possibly wounded soldiers may be employed under trained women growers.

"Then farmers, and people owning estates, allotment plots and gardens, will be asked to devote some of their ground to grow the medicinal plants most urgently required—one or more species suited to their soil."

#### PRICES GOING UP.

"There are now not more than five drug farmers in this country, and their supplies are hopelessly inadequate to meet the demands."

As the sources of supply from Germany, Austria-Hungary and the Balkans are now closed, prices are going up by leaps and bounds, so that very soon the use of the most important medicines will be only possible to the rich.

"England used to grow most of its own drugs, and it can do so again."

### ROYAL EQUERRY FOUND HANGED.

Brigadier-General Sir Rollo Estouteville Grimston, K.C.V.O., C.I.E., Equerry to the King, was found dead in London on Saturday.

The dead officer, who was fifty-five years of age, had had no fewer than thirty-five years' service in the Indian Army.

For some weeks he had been in ill-health, and had seen a doctor for neurasthenia. On Friday he entered a nursing home in the neighbourhood of Ladbrook-grove.

On Saturday morning when one of the nurses entered his room she discovered him dead.

### MORE DERBY GROUPS TO REPORT.

Rapid progress is being made in the calling up of Derby groups. Four more are now required to report themselves.

The official notification regarding these new groups was received in London during the week-end. Single men in groups 10 to 13, in-

"Love Me For Ever." Read the opening chapters of this great serial to-day.

clusive, and of ages ranging from twenty-seven to thirty, must present themselves in batches, beginning on February 28.

The new notices were posted outside the Government offices in Whitehall and in the streets of the metropolis, the proclamation being printed on yellow paper to distinguish it from the two posters previously issued.

# WOMEN AND CHILDREN AMONG 50 VICTIMS OF ZEPPELIN RAID ON PARIS

## Gasbag's Attack at Night in a Dense Mist.

## "AERIAL TORPEDOES."

Aeroplane Fires on Zeppelin at Distance of 55 Yards.

## OUR MINISTERS' VISIT.

### AIR MURDERS IN MIST.

Paris, it was thought, by reason of its air patrols, was immune from Zeppelins, but on Saturday night about ten o'clock, while a thick mist overhung the city, a Zeppelin succeeded in dropping bombs there. Parisians at first thought the fire brigade's warning must be a false alarm. The last raid was about ten months ago.

The casualties are stated to be fifty, twenty-three persons being killed. The victims were mostly women, old men and children. Nine houses were destroyed, and it is stated that one bomb alone wounded fifteen persons.

The scene of the raid, according to Reuter, is an outlying working-class quarter of the city.

### AIRMAN FIGHTS "ZEPPEL."

Thirty aeroplanes went up after the raider, but only one was able to engage it, and that at a distance of fifty-five yards. One message says the Zeppelin "principally used aerial torpedoes," but other messages refer only to bombs.

Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law were in Paris on Saturday at a munitions conference.

### BIG GERMAN CLAIMS.

By hurling back to their trenches two German infantry attacks, to the south of the Somme, the French have delivered another blow against the great enemy offensive on the western front.

While the French have announced the recapture of part of the trenches won by the foe in their recent big effort, the Germans claim that their total gain of ground has been over two miles in extent and 1,100 yards in depth. They also claim to have taken 1,287 prisoners.

## 23 KILLED AND 27 HURT IN BABY-KILLER'S RAID.

Women, Old Men and Children Among the Victims.

### (FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

The following French communiqué, dated yesterday, was received by the Exchange:

"A Zeppelin threw some bombs on Paris last evening.

"About forty women, old men and children were victims."

A Central News Paris message says that it is officially stated that nine houses were destroyed.

Paris, Jan. 30.—It is now officially stated that the number of deaths as the result of last night's Zeppelin raid amounts to twenty-three, while twenty-seven persons were injured.

Twenty minutes after the alarm was given thirty aeroplanes left the Bourget Aviation Ground, and of these five located the Zeppelin flying at a great height, but only one was able to get near and attempt to give battle.

A bed of fog lying over Paris prevented the searchlights acting with the maximum of efficiency.

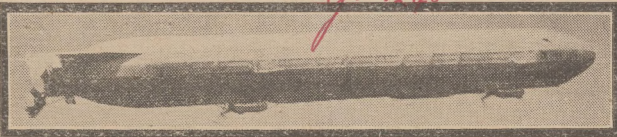
The Zeppelin came under the fire of the guns at the moment when, having accomplished her exploit, she was going about in order to get away again.—Central News.

### AIRMAN'S STORY OF CHASE.

An airman who took part in the chase organised from Bourget said, according to an Exchange Paris message, that the Zeppelin was manoeuvring at an altitude of 5,000 yards. The one French airman who was able to engage the Zeppelin in combat approached within a distance of fifty-five yards of the raider. He added: "Paris looked like a black hole in the midst of the better lighted suburbs."

"There can be no doubt that the action of our air squadron hampered the bandit in the complete establishment of his crime."

A Central News Paris message says the number of bombs thrown is given as seventeen.



Photograph showing a Zeppelin in the air. It is the Victoria Luise.

Fifteen of these took effect and ten of the fifteen caused casualties.

A bomb which failed to explode weighed rather more than 125lb.

The Temps, quoted by Reuter, says that in one house, where seven persons had met to celebrate the return home of a soldier on leave, a bomb fell in the middle of the room.

When rescuers arrived the party were found dead among the debris. Only one young boy was alive out of the seven.

The municipality of Paris has decided that the cost of the funerals of the victims shall be defrayed by the city, and that generous grants shall be made to necessitous families.

A previous Central News message said "the enemy principally used aerial torpedoes, which made holes in the ground."

## M. POINCARÉ'S VISIT TO VICTIMS IN HOSPITAL.

PARIS, Jan. 30.—M. Poincaré and M. Malvy, Minister of the Interior, this morning visited the hospital where about a dozen persons who had been wounded in the Zeppelin raid last night had been taken.

They afterwards made another tour of the scene of the raider's exploits, where a crowd of sightseers had gathered.

The killed and injured who have been identified are: Nine women killed and fourteen injured, eight men killed and twelve injured and two children injured.

One bomb fell on the roofing of the Metropolitan (underground railway), making a hole of five or six yards in diameter.

### BUILDINGS DAMAGED.

A second went right through a three-story building, a third half-destroyed a five-story building; similar damage was done to another building by a fourth bomb.

A fifth did serious damage to a five-story building; while a sixth destroyed a two-story building.

A seventh bomb which fell in the street blew out the doors and windows of a neighbouring building.

An eighth demolished the back of a five-story building. A ninth went through a shop, a tenth fell on to a pile of paving stones and an eleventh demolished another one-story building. One bomb did not explode at all.—Reuter.

## "DON'T WORRY, FRANCE WILL LOOK AFTER YOU."

"It was in a small courtyard in a working-class quarter that I found President Poincaré with the other Ministers, standing among piled-up debris of a ruined house," says a Reuter special message yesterday, describing the visit of the President to the damaged district.

"This house had been sliced from the roof to the cellar by a bomb as if by a gigantic knife, leaving the living rooms bare to the view."

"It was a dramatic scene. The President was questioning kindly a poor, middle-aged couple, both of whom had their faces, hair and clothes still covered with dust."

"They said that they had lost two children by a bomb which had struck their house, but that they themselves were unhurt."

M. Poincaré listened sympathetically to the painful garrulity of the man, and put his hand on the shoulder of the woman and said, 'Don't worry, France will look after you,' and at once ordered a decorated official to take them in his

car, find a lodging for them and give them help."

PARIS, Jan. 30.—As it was Saturday evening there were more people about than usual when the Zeppelin paid its visit, and they poured out of the cafes and restaurants, asking questions and gazing up at the sky when the fire brigade rushed along the streets sounding their trumpets and crying "Garde a vous!"

Most of them thought it a false alarm, because they know by experience that the Zeppelins, even when on their way, seldom get past the long line of watchers from the frontier down. Then at last came a heavy and sinister boom, and Paris knew that this time the attack was at her doors.

All eyes were turned to the sky, which was being swept by the searchlights in dull and irregular lines, owing to the night being foggy and the clouds lying heavy and low.

The buzz of aeroplanes came faintly to the listeners.

When Paris had had time to collect herself she realised for the first time that the city was as black as pitch.—Reuter Special.

## MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND MR. BONAR LAW IN PARIS.

PARIS, Jan. 30.—Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law, General Robertson, General Du Cane, Colonel Lee, Colonel Macpherson and other Government officials attended a conference held yesterday at the Ministry of War.

The members of the party lunched with M. Albert Thomas, the French Minister of Munitions, and afterwards visited some Government works, including those at Puteaux.

A programme of mutual armament and questions relating to the manufacture of munitions in both countries were discussed at the conference and afterwards with M. Briand, the Premier.—Central News.

## UNEARTHED 25 MINES.

### (RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.)

PETROGRAD, Jan. 30.—Today's official communiqué says:

South of Lake Babyt a large German detachment made an attack against our trenches, but was driven back.

South-east of Kolki our scouts captured a complete enemy post.

On the Middle Strypa we bombarded two enemy batteries. Our scouts cut the enemy's barbed wire entanglements on a wide line and unearthed twenty-five mines.

North-east of Czernowitz we exploded a small mine, which damaged enemy sapping works.

Caucasus.—In the battle north of Erzerum our troops, advancing, took prisoners a party of Askaris and captured three machine guns.

West of Hamadan, near Kangavar, we repulsed an enemy offensive.—Reuter.

## GREEK FORT TAKEN OVER.

ATHENS, Jan. 29. (delayed in transmission).—The occupation of Kara Bournon was effected without incident.

The decision of the Entente Powers to occupy Kara Bournon was taken as a result of the torpedoing in the territorial waters of Salonika of an allied transport, and by way of protection against German submarines.—Exchange.

Kara Bournon is the Greek fort that commands the eastern entrance to the head of the Gulf of Salonika.



Cheerful soldiers in the trenches of the British advanced line. Some of the old Turkish trenches have saved them labour.—(Official photograph from Salonika, Crown copyright reserved.)

## GERMANS' BIG CLAIMS IN THE WEST.

"Gains Were 3,850 Yards Long and 1,100 Yards Deep."

## HUN ATTACKS REPULSED.

### (GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

German Main Headquarters reported yesterday afternoon as follows:—

At and south of the Neuville high road the fighting still continues for the possession of the positions captured by us. A French attack was repulsed.

The positions captured south of the Somme extended over 3,850 yards and are 1,100 yards deep. The total number of prisoners taken, which includes some Englishmen, is seventeen officers and 1,270 men.

The French only attempted a minor counter-attack, which was easily repulsed.

In the Champagne there were occasional lively artillery duels.

On the remainder of the front firing activity was impeded by the hazy weather. Towards evening, when the weather had cleared up, the French opened a lively fire against our front east of Pont-a-Mousson. The advance of the enemy infantry detachments was prevented.—Wireless Press.

## PATROLS BOMB TRENCHES.

### (BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS IN FRANCE, Jan. 30, 9.22 p.m.—Last night there was considerable artillery activity about Vaux.

A force of our patrols successfully bombed German trenches near Serres, and a hostile patrol which was encountered was driven off.

To-day has been generally foggy. There has been some artillery work about Epricourt, but otherwise there is nothing to report.

### (FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Jan. 30.—To-night's official communiqué states:—

In Artois, to the south of the road from Neuville to La Folie, we exploded a mine, which overthrew the enemy galleries.

Our artillery carried out destructive fire on the revictualling centre at Saleuaines, south-east of Lens, and on the German parks and bivouacs to the north of Cimy.

Between the Somme and the Oise our batteries caught under their fire moving troops in the region of Beuvraignes and a column of enemy infantry on the road from Laucourt to Roye. To the north of the Aisne, opposite Soupir, our fire destroyed a German work, the garrison of which was annihilated.

East of Rheims there was effective firing by our trench guns on the enemy organisations at Cernay.

In Alsace we bombed the enemy positions of Asbach to the north of Altkirch.—Exchange.

### GERMANS THROWN BACK.

PARIS, Jan. 30.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

Yesterday evening the Germans delivered an attack on our positions to the south of the Somme, opposite Domperre.

Twice the enemy's infantry was thrown back into its trenches by our curtain fire and our rifle fusillade.—Reuter.

## ENTIRE CAMP DESTROYED BY AIR BOMBS.

ATHENS, Jan. 30.—A report from Salonika states that a numerous flotilla of French aeroplanes yesterday carried out another raid on the Bulgarian lines.

Two hundred bombs were thrown on the Bulgarian encampments at Pasartzi, near Doiran. The whole camp was destroyed and more than 500 tents being burned.

The airman brought back with them photographs of the enemy's camp in flames. The flotilla makes reconnaissances daily towards the coast of Asia Minor.—Exchange.

## TURKS CLAIM AMBUSH OF SCOUTING PARTY.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 30.—To-day's Turkish communiqué says:—

On the Irak Front (Mesopotamia).—There is no important change.

In the vicinity of Felchie (the place where, according to previous Turkish communiqués, General Aylmer's relief force is at present entrenched) we completely destroyed an enemy scouting party of sixteen men by our fire from an ambush.—Reuter.

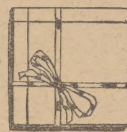
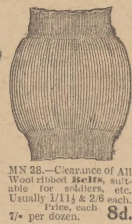
## COLONEL KILLED BY MOTOR SKID.

Thrown from a skidding motor-car near Worthing yesterday, Lieutenant-Colonel R. Holmes Hopkins (Canadian Army) was killed and his brother, Lieutenant R. H. Hopkins, seriously injured.

# DERRY & TOMS

KENSINGTON LONDON-W

Last Week of  
WINTER SALE  
Final Reductions



MN 50.—Our Special  
Solders' **Hankers**,  
chiefs, soft finish,  
ready for use. Khaki,  
or White, for hospital  
use. Actual value 2/6  
per dozen. Sale Price, doz. 2/-



MN 3.—The "Cey-  
lonia" Winter-weight  
Pyjamas. In the  
popular equal stripes.  
Blue and White,  
Maure and White,  
etc. Actual value 8/11  
Sale Price 3 Suits 4/11



50 Doz. only. All Wool Grey Cashmere  
socks, with stripes at heels.  
11/6 doz. Sale Price 1/-  
Also Army Grey Marching Socks, Pair 11/6 per doz.

MN 120.—Man's  
Heavy Union Winter  
Pannel Pyjamas.  
An excellent garment  
for warmth and  
wear. Dark patterns  
only. Actual value  
8/11. Per Salt 5/11  
3 for 11/-

MN 21.—80 Doz. only. Great Clearance  
of Men's soft-fronted Shirts, Zephyr and  
Print, good patterns, some slightly soiled,  
soft double cuffs. Sale Price 1/11 1/2

Men's Ceylon finish Day Shirts.  
Cream grounds, with neat Black or Blue  
Stripe link or button cuffs. 2/11  
Actual value 4/11. Sale Price each

MN 120.—Man's  
Heavy Union Winter  
Pannel Pyjamas.  
An excellent garment  
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Exceptional Opportunity—BIG SALE BARGAINS.  
Made at Witney in Ideal Country Surroundings.  
FREE SAMPLES OF TICKS & WOOL.  
PERFECT PURITY. ANY BEDSTEAD RENDERED PERFECTLY RESTFUL.

Big Sale Bargains are now offered in these  
splendid pure Witney Mattresses. To be able to buy  
such Mattresses at all is a great benefit, but to be  
offered the chance of purchasing at sale price is a  
double boon, and an opportunity not to be missed.  
To sleep on a "Witney" Mattress is to experience  
a sense of comfort in repose not otherwise obtain-  
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pleasurable anticipation of every day time. The  
waking each morning will be such that you will be  
full of brightness and strength for the duty of the  
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"Witney"  
Mattresses  
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entifically de-  
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that the  
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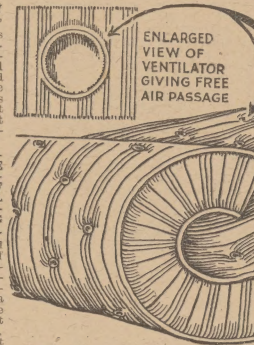
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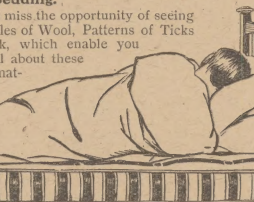
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Write for Booklet: "Who Said Dust?"  
The DAISY VACUUM CLEANER Co., Ltd.,  
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the same way as your Blankets, YOU SECURE:

- 1.—A BRUTALLY  
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transforms even the  
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ful, health-giving  
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and ideal comfort.
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RECENT TESTIMONIALS.  
Dear Sir,—I am delighted with the Mattress. It  
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THE PRICELESS GIFT OF SLEEP  
It is a revelation to sleep on a Real  
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greater incentive to perfect sleep. There-  
fore, while the Late Winter Sale is being  
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FILL IN THIS COUPON.  
To The WITNEY BLANKET CO., LTD.,  
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Please send me Patterns of Ticks, Sam-  
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WINTER SALE OF WITNEY BLANKETS.  
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If you are wanting Good Furs at absurdly low prices give us a call  
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DRASTIC REDUCTIONS—A FEW EXAMPLES.

Natural Grey Squirrel Fur Set latest  
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8 gns the Set. Sale Price 6 gns.  
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C 4005.—Elegant  
Black Circular Fur  
Coat. Broadtail  
effect, full skirted  
model with detach-  
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50in. Usual price  
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W 286.—Attractive  
Natural Dark Grey  
Squirrel Necktie,  
lined Fur. Usual  
price 35/6 the Set.  
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W 116.—Dainty Natural  
Grey Squirrel Fur  
Set, lined silk, new  
shape "pull-through"  
Scar and scarf open  
Muff. Usual price  
14/6 the Set. Sale Price 9/6  
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W 22.—Special Bargain  
Real Coney Fur Set,  
lined silk, Scarf 74in.  
long 5in. wide. Pillow  
Muff 14in. wide. Usual  
price 29/6. Sale Price 22/2  
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W 204.—Hand-  
some Black Fur  
Set in Chinese  
Fox Kid. A very  
effective and accom-  
plished Fur. Usual price  
35/6. Sale Price 26/8  
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W 362.—Wonder-  
ful in Black  
Fur Set, soft  
fur closely re-  
sembling real  
Fox, latest design as sketch.  
Usual Price, the Set. Post free. 15/9

W 964.—Magni-  
ficent Natural  
Fox Fur  
Set, made from rich full  
season's skins, very be-  
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84/- Sale Price 63/-  
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As the above items are merely typical examples of value, we would suggest a personal visit.

WELLWORTH MANUFACTURING FUR CO., 149, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON

## READ THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF THIS SPLENDID SERIAL TO-DAY



Richard Heathcote.

BY  
**META  
SIMMINS.**

## CHAPTER I. A BROKEN DREAM.

TWO sudden noises—the postman's knock and the rattle of the letter as it fell into the letter-box—sounding loudly through the silence of the house, combined to wake Olive Chayne as she sat dreaming by the fire.

Not conscious of the cause of her awakening, she lay back in the deep chair, looking across the room, whose white-paneled walls shone rosy in the firelight, her eyes still clouded with the dust of dreams.

She had awakened to the lonely house and its silence that was broken only by the whining voice of the wind that every now and again drove the rain slashing against the windows.

Olive Chayne leaned forward and held out her hands to the fire, shivering a little. Her face was in shadow and its delicate profile stood out against the firelight like an exquisitely-executed silhouette of a very young girl. This look of extreme youth was one of Olive Chayne's greatest charms; at twenty-two her grey eyes had the gravely wondering beauty of the eyes of a child.

Far down in that fast-locked chamber of her heart an imprisoned memory that she would have given the world to forget, stirred restlessly. A slow burning flush crept up over her white skin.

She had been so certain that Rupert Heathcote loved her. So certain that he would ask with his lips for her hand already asked with his eyes—her love, herself—all that a woman has to give to the one man in the world. There was a great red cleft in the heart of the fire; it widened and fell away, leaving a cavern where pictures of the past, that formed and re-formed kaleidoscopic fashion before Olive Chayne's watching eyes and were gone. But one remained. One picture that crystallised all of the broken dream that she would most gladly have forgotten.

The picture of a garden where a man and a girl stood together in the magic dusk of a summer night.

It had always seemed to Olive Chayne the most charming garden in the world, the garden of the old rambling house at Richmond, where Rupert lived with his cousin, Richard Heathcote.

It was only a memory now, yet the glamour of it seemed to rise up and fold about the girl as she sat looking into the fire.

The Heathcotes had been giving a dance as a send-off to Richard, who was going out to West Africa in a few days' time. It was poverty, stark and inevitable, that was driving Dick out to take up this post that had been offered to him in some wild outpost of civilisation up the coast.

Evil days had fallen on the jolly old house that was always abuzz with youth—such a contrast to Olive's own home where the shadow of her mother's illness always hung more or less heavily.

Rupert, who was not personally affected at all, had been far more concerned than Dick, who had wrenched himself free from every tie with an apparent unconcern that appalled Olive. Looking back on it, she thought she understood their attitude better. Understood the vital difference in character between the two men. Rupert, and Richard Heathcote . . . but at the time Dick's indifference had seemed positively inhuman.

It was Rupert that she loved—loved with a silent love known only to a woman. She had always felt a certain resentment against Richard; he seemed to annoy her.

She had never been able to understand why. Sometimes, when they had been thrown together by circumstances he had been so very friendly—delightfully friendly, and she had felt her liking for him expand shyly and pleasantly . . . she had looked forward to their next meeting, and then . . . at their next meeting he was a stranger again. A stranger who seemed definitely determined to remain so.

It was horribly galling. She sometimes hated herself for having been nice to him.

Rupert was so different. He was not a person of moods; on the contrary he possessed that most attractive of gifts, the power of taking up a friendship, even after a break of weeks, at precisely the point at which it had been broken off. He had a memory for intimate details. He . . .

Olive caught herself up with a sharp indrawing of the breath.

She closed her eyes with a sense of sick shame as the web of memories spun out. Something had betrayed her to this man she understood. She had shown him all her heart then . . . this man who had been philandering all the time.

For Rupert Heathcote had not spoken those words her senses had asked to hear. He had never meant to speak. She knew that now.

And yet . . . for him too, philanderer though he was, the summer dusk had held something of love's madness. He had caught her in his arms as she had been crying, and held her in his arms for a moment in a close embrace. Then, almost as though he hated her, the man had put her from him. He had apologised and bidden her good-night, stiffly, like a stranger,

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

and gone—leaving her alone with her humiliation in the tangled blue and silver dusk of the garden.

Then she remembered how Dick had come across the lawn. He found her there in the garden when he came to claim his last walk. What must he have thought of her as she sat there under the trees? she asked herself with a very little smile. To the man she had looked like some lovely blue and silver butterfly that had injured its wing, but she had no knowledge of that.

Poor old Dick! He could not read her thoughts. If he had done so, perhaps, he would not have been so kind. He had sat beside her and talked naturally and easily till her self-control had come back. Best of all, he had got a cab for her and brought it round to the gate far down in the garden, so that she might run no risk from curious eyes. . . .

She could not understand him that night. He had been very kind as he smiled at her as he leaned over the door of the cab. But never for a moment had he so much as hinted at Rupert.

Just for an instant she had been afraid that he was going to speak of him. He had begun a sentence, hesitated, then, drawing back, had given the cabman the order to move on.

A vision of the man's face rose up between her and the fire. The rugged, rather ugly face that could be transformed by a smile.

Poor old Dick! Her thoughts dwelt kindly on him for a moment. She hoped he was prospering exceedingly out there in that new land. Yes . . . and the other man, too. Why should she pretend to herself that she did not care? Her thoughts were all for Rupert. She could not transform him by a smile.

Rupert Heathcote true to his reputation as a man of surprises, had thrown up his work in London and gone out to join his cousin a few months later. Of course, she cared and must always care. For a woman, however fate may shape her life, whatever affection may come to her, there is always one man. The first man. No one can ever banish him from his throne in a woman's chamber of her heart.

Carol! Her heart ached with the fierceness of the vision of Richard Heathcote's face was blotted out. Before her, clearly, ah, how clearly, was another face. Dark and strong and beautiful—the face of the man she loved. Those eager eyes that had asked for her love, the thin red lips with their attractive tilt at the corners.

And with the vision and all that it brought of loneliness and unavailing longing for the night when the dark misery swept up over Olive Chayne like a flood. She sprang to her feet, creaking her hands, hating herself for her weakness. What had brought the past surging back through her mind like this? For the past was so definitely behind her? Was it that wretched dream with its sting of disappointment? More fool she to have sat up in the firelight, with its silly lures for sentimentality.

Now she asked herself dully if this message that had come over the wire was one of fate's sharp reminders. If—even before she had proposed to meet her end—this hint of possible disaster had come to bring her to renewed remembrance of it.

All the fears that had stirred darkly in Olive Chayne's heart during the past weeks took life again. Mr. Chayne had been a broken man ever since his wife's death, but lately a greater change still had come over him. He had been filled with a strange gloomy restlessness and irritation—his movements had been uncertain—he had been like a man oppressed by some strong anxiety . . . Looking back at this seemed very evident to the girl . . . And now that anxiety had come to some definite head; some crisis that she would follow him all her love and affection to help him to bear.

As she sat there staring before her vague sentences from Rupert Heathcote's letter repeated themselves in Olive's brain.

But was she free? The grey eyes were dark with pain. Was she free? A little half hysterical laugh broke in Olive's throat.

Another dream broken and ground to dust, that was all. Just another broken dream. . . . "Don't whine about it . . ." Her hand beat the table suddenly. "Don't whine, you little fool! You know you're bound and tied. You know there's no question of marrying or thinking of marriage while your father's alive. You know—your mother!"

The beautiful vision of happiness that Heathcote's letter had called up faded, like the mirage that it was. From the first she ought to have told herself that it was too late. If he had spoken before he went away, if he had spoken at night in the garden at Richmond—it would have been different. She would never have made that promise to her mother. . . .

She knew you would understand. Come by the Dar-

racough. She's the first decent boat that you could join. Love, we've wasted too much of our youth already. . . .

A low, thrilled cry broke from Olive's lips. The sheets of the letter fluttered from her fingers and fell scattering on the rug. She knelt by the big chair, her face in her hands.

"Love, we have wasted too much of our youth already!" So he had felt that too, felt youth and the things of youth slipping by him. . . . youth that is as barren and arid as age—without love. . . .

Love! The wonder of it—all—the sheer rapturous wonder. It seemed to Olive Chayne that the joy which flooded her being was like some glorious vivifying light that warmed and melted the crusts of bitterness that had held her heart cold all these weary months.

It had all been a mistake. The words were an absolution to wipe out all the ugliness of the last year. Rupert Heathcote loved her, had always loved her. She had not given her love unasked, an undesired gift. It was pride that had held him silent in the garden at Richmond . . . he loved her, and had always loved her. . . .

The gates of the Land of Dreams Come True which seemed to have been clashed in her face had been standing open wide all the time. Now—she had but to pass through and enter into her joy. . . .

The silence of the room was like a cloak wrapped about her shoulders, enfolding her and her happiness from the world that could never understand.

Somewhere in the quiet house the whirr of a telephone bell sounded faintly. Subconsciously Olive Chayne was aware of it. She started up, listening. It rang again.

This time there was no doubt. She hurried across the room to meet a maid at the door. "The master wants you on the telephone," the girl told her, and for no conceivable reason Olive Chayne was conscious of a shiver. Her hand trembled a little as she lifted the receiver.

"What you, Olive?" It was her father's voice that came to her over the wire. "I wanted to tell you that I shall not be home for dinner to-night. No, important business, my child. I am sorry. I shall not see you to-night—I shall be late. No, do not wait up for me. I prefer that you should not do so. But in the morning I shall want you, Olive. I shall need all the help and affection you can give me in a crisis of my life. Good-night, little girl."

"Father—"

But the man at the other end of the wire had rung off.

Olive Chayne's face had whitened as she sat down by the desk where the telephone stood. She rested her elbows on the table and propped her chin on her folded hands.

In those enchanted moments as she sat at the desk, dreaming over the letter that had come across the sea offering her a man's love, a share in a man's life, the girl had forgotten her father—forgotten that sense of duty towards him that had burned so brightly in her heart.

Now she asked herself dully if this message that had come over the wire was one of fate's sharp reminders. If—even before she had proposed to meet her end—this hint of possible disaster had come to bring her to renewed remembrance of it.

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For a moment something that was almost passionate resentment against the dead woman who had lured her heart in Olive Chayne's dream.

The girl's hands clenched suddenly. What was she thinking? What was she doing? It was all waste. A frozen sense of calm settled upon her, deceptive calm that thinly covered the fires of revolt beneath. Of course, it was all impossible. . . . she must write at once to Rupert and tell him the truth—that she could never marry.

That was very clear in Olive's mind. Whatever happened, there must be no question of uncertainty. It was to be yes or nay.

Only, of course, it could not be yes. Her father needed her. She was bound to him by ties stronger than duty or affection alone. . . . the ties of her honour that was pledged to a dead woman. . . .

Yet. . . . Once again silence wrapped the girl about, enfolding her and the passions that made a battlefield of her heart. She decided to rise to the hearth, leaving a cold grey ash; the room was chill with the chill of death.

Suddenly a cry broke from the girl. She flung out her hands before her like a drowning woman.

"I can't do it. I can't—I can't—"

And even with the cry, in a sort of desperate haste she caught up a pen. It had to be done. She wrote cowardly.

She began to write swiftly, a formal precise letter that held no hint of her personality in it. "Dear Mr. Heathcote. . . . Not a word of tenderness or of regret. . . . Just a blunt refusal. She dared not trust herself to be anything but brutal and curt.

She touched the bell, and there was something in her movement that gave violence to the action; and when the maid answered it she had to moisten her dry lips before she could tell the woman that this letter was important and must be taken to the post at once.

The sound of the street door banging behind the servant came to Olive almost with a sense of relief. It was done. She could not call her back. Whatever happened in the future, at least she would not have to condemn herself for hesitating in the hour when her father stood in need of her.

She went drearily to her room to dress for her solitary dinner.

**FATHER AND DAUGHTER.**

OLIVE CHAYNE learned with some surprise that her father—who had gone out immediately after breakfast—had not returned.

She glanced at herself in the glass and frowned. She had passed a sleepless night and showed it very plainly. She realised that her father would have some unkind remarks to pass about her late appearance, and, for the first time in her life, she felt herself shrink from the thought of his criticism.

She had not seen him yet. Her head had ached as badly as she had not gone down to breakfast. Mr. Chayne had sent up an unusually kind message, begging her to rest, but saying that he hoped she would be able to see him in the afternoon.

All this, coupled with his message over the telephone last night, was very disquieting to Olive. She realised that only trouble could make her father unduly thoughtful on her account. She therefore dreaded the news that might be in store for her.

Mr. Chayne was alone when she went into the library.

"My dear child!" he said as he kissed her with unusual affection. "Is your head better? You look very tired—you want a change. We mustn't have you getting knocked up, you know."

She was very fond of her father, and she saw that he was embarrassed and ill at ease.

"Oh, there's not the least fear of that," she said hastily. "It was just a bad headache; I didn't sleep very well."

She came up to him and put her hands on his shoulders, looking up into his eyes.

"What is it, father?" she asked him tenderly. "You're worrying about something. Tell me what it is."

Mr. Chayne smiled down at her. His hands closed over the little hands that were resting against his shoulders. He was a good-looking man, in a hard, clear-cut sort of way. Olive never remembered him looking at her as kindly as he did now.

"Olive"—he bent and touched her hair with his lips—"don't little girl. I've a premonition that what I am going to tell you will make you very angry. Try not to be angry. Try to be kind to me. . . . your father."

Olive drew a little away from him. She hardly knew why, but a little chill had come over her with his words.

"Yes, be kind and reasonable. Well, I . . . I was married this morning."

The eyes of father and daughter met. Olive's lips formed words, but no sound came from them. She stared at this man who was her father as though he were a stranger.

Married that morning? Married. . . . "Hang it all, Olive. Don't look at me like that," he said. "Well, there—forgive me. I don't want to hurt you. But you can understand that when a man has loved a woman—he—"

"Oh, please," Olive cried out sharply.

(Continued on page 11.)



Rupert Heathcote.

## THREE BROTHERS WIN THE D.C.M.: LONDON FAMILY'S FINE RECORD



Philip Mart.

Frederick Mart.

William Mart.

Samuel Mart.



Alfred Mart.



Mr. Samuel Mart; the father.



Albert Mart.

Mr. S. Mart, of Blackstock-road, Finsbury Park, N., and his six sons, all of whom are serving with the Forces. Three of them—Quartermaster Samuel Mart, Sergeant-Major William Mart and Sergeant Alfred Mart—have won the D.C.M., while the first-named has also the Medal of St. George from the Tsar. All three are attached to the Bedfordshire Regiment. The two other soldiers have received gold medals. Albert George Mart is a chief petty officer in the Navy.

## GAIETY ACTRESS MARRIED.



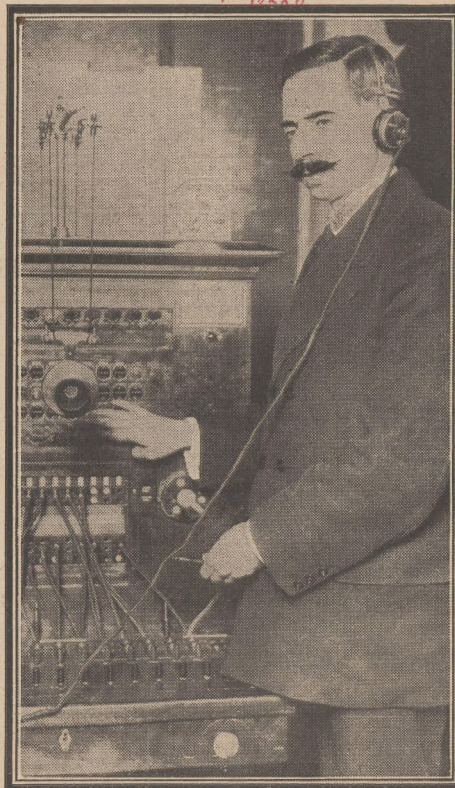
Lieutenant Brian Gordon Cotton (2/17 London Regiment) and Miss Edith Gertrude Alwyn, who were married at the Chapel Royal, Savoy. The bride was until recently playing in "To-night's the Night," at the Gaiety.

## KING'S INTEREST IN FLYING.



M. Edmond Audemars, the airman, explaining the working of a new Government-made aeroplane to the King and Queen of Spain at the Flying School, Madrid.

## BLIND TELEPHONE OPERATOR.



A blind man who is in charge of the private telephone exchange of a large City drapery house. There are seven exchange lines and twenty-three extensions, and he attends, on an average, to 8,000 calls a day, recognising each signal by its click as it falls. He lost his sight eight years ago.

# RESULT OF ALLINSON CAKE COMPETITION.

## DAINTY TEA BUNS.

HELD ON JANUARY 27th, 1916.

First Prize of 65 awarded to—

Mrs. W. Kerby, 36, Gordon-av., St. Margaret-on-Thames.

Second Prize of 42 to—

Mrs. Williamson, 75, Hollis Hall-st., Greenacres, Old-ham.

Three Prizes of 21 each to—

Mrs. A. Blackwell, 1, Eton-place, Marlow, Bucks.

Mrs. E. Tonking, 2, Fyfield-rd., Enfield, N.

Mrs. Gardner, 131, Winton-rd., Stoke Newington, N.

Ten Prizes of 10s. each to—

Miss M. Dick, Schoolhouse, Fyvie, Aberdeen.

Miss L. North, Shen Cottage, Cleckheaton.

Mrs. Hulbert, 77, Pennard-rd., Shepherd's Bush.

Mrs. Hudson, 8, Pierpoint-rd., Acton, W.

Mrs. S. Morse, Laneside, Balderstone, Blackburn.

Mrs. Shalcraft, Dale Cottage, Bakersland, Hawarden.

Mrs. Allen, 28, Bedonwell-rd., Belvedere.

Mrs. Kay, 1, Marlton-st., off Greenacres-rd., Oldham.

Mrs. E. Tilly, 61, Stithway, Manor Park, E.

Mrs. E. Stockley, co. Mrs. Taylor, Beech Lawn, Waterloo Park, Waterloo, Liverpool.

Twenty Prizes of 5s. each to—

Miss E. Woodmann, 208, Brook-rd., Upper Clapton.

Mrs. E. V. Beaton, 109, Richmond-rd., Leytonstone.

Mrs. J. Wagstaff, Homeleigh, Eversleigh-rd., Finchley.

Mrs. Pratt, 12, Strubland, Queen's-rd., Dalston.

Miss M. E. Day, 34, Stanmore-rd., Leytonstone.

Mrs. E. Lomas, The Bengallow, South Hill, Guildford.

Mrs. Roadley, Station House, Benthall, nr. Lancaster.

Miss M. Heywood, 556, Edge-lane, Droylsden.

Mrs. E. Stead, Oxborough, nr. Green, N.

Mrs. W. Gleeves, 115, St. Mary's-rd., Ilford, E.

Mrs. E. Davis, 12, Highbury-rd., Wembley-on-Sea.

Mrs. E. M. Johns, The Vicarage, St. Kew, nr. Wado-bridge.

Mrs. P. E. Vogt, 24, Bellefield-rd., Brixton, S.W.

Mrs. Lloyd, Ivy Bank, High-st., Knaphill, Woking.

Mrs. Tancock, Little Waltham, Chelmsford, Essex.

Mrs. A. A. Roe, 102, Old Palace-rd., Norwich.

Miss Proctor, Buckley Hill, Salford, Liverpool.

Miss L. Pearson, The Croft, Scal, nr. Scrook.

Mrs. Enever, 30, Glesop-terrace, Hyde Park, Leeds.

Mrs. M. Wallbank, Bailey Cottage, Hurst Green, nr. Blackburn.

The above prizes are awarded in connection with the monthly Allinson Home Cookery Competition, particulars of which will be found together with a useful book of recipes, entitled "The Homely Cook," in every 24lb., 7lb., 14lb. sealed bag of Allinson Flour (sold by Allinson Bakers and Grocers). Particulars of competition will also be sent direct on application to the Proprietors.

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# Daily Mirror

MONDAY, JANUARY 31, 1916.

## WHAT AGE?

PERHAPS grown-ups never so greatly needed the companionship of children as they do now, in these days when "but to think is to be full of sorrow." Few of us pass a week without hearing of the loss of some brave friend, of some fine life full of promise and possibilities, suddenly blown out—whether? The ranks fall and we can only assent, recognising the thirst of the gods. The Prussian Moloch must go on, with open mouth consuming the men who would have made the future. And we, too, must go on, in order that Moloch may not reign for ever over Europe.

In the midst of it all, then, how necessary to take occasional refreshment from the instinctive selfishness of those who will, we hope, live to look back upon it, not as a bitter part of personal experience (leaving its scars upon the mind no less deep than those it leaves upon the body), but as mere history—the written and printed thing within books. Few people would be so youthfully imprudent as to want literally to live again. But to live again in one's children—that is the healthy natural ambition in nearly all of us.

And just now, in them, we can catch the very slightly clouded point of view which calculates upon "its all being well over before we grow up." Its legacy will remain; it will have ceased. Hence it was quite the wrong moment of time to be born, say, in the eighteen-nineties. This is a moment when the wise who could skilfully choose their time of exit and entrance would do well to be over eighty or under eight.

Over eighty—impossible to take it very seriously then! There's so little of time left!

Under eight—it appears as a vision for fireside games. One can't be too serious over it at that age.

Still, at eight one has at least heard of it—if only as matter for nursery-floor conflict. Better be younger than eight, say four.

Four is a fine age. One has hopes, health, and appetite. One can see oneself—or rather one's contemporary friends—in Mr. Haselden's new series of child cartoons. One can be aware daily of a war, without worrying. That age (La Fontaine remarks) has no pity. Well, let us rather say it doesn't visualise humanity as it now shows itself en route for destruction.

Four, or perhaps three?

But at three, even at three, one knows. Better say two. Yes, that really is the perfect age for comfort in these bad times. Two—or one; the age for grasping at the moon. The age before one learns that the moon won't be grasped. On third or fourth thoughts, we hold that in 1916 the correct age for comfort is one, or, at most, two.

W. M.

## MARCHING SONG.

With the March sky blue above us, broad and empty as a sea,  
Every body lithe and lissom—what a joy to live and be  
Like a wave, the moving column sweeps across the level plain:  
This is joy, and this is living; even though the end be pain.

Love was once a burning sorrow—now how far away it seems!  
Like a fragrant perfume blowing from some garden of our dreams.  
We who slout and wept with love, can now awake with life and song.

Of the glory and the splendour, as we march to meet the spring.  
—H. R. FROSTON (1891-1916).  
[Second-Lieutenant Hugh Reynolds Froston, the author of the above lines, was killed in action in France on the 21st of this month. His name and his genuine promise as a poet are well known to readers of the little poems duly published on this page, and they will regret that one more capable intellectual life should have been swept away in the immense catastrophe. "Reg" Froston was born in 1891, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Froston, of St. Catherine's Cottage, Clewer, Windsor. He was educated at Dulwich and Eton College, Oxford, where he was an undergraduate when the war broke out. He was a member of the "Oxford Poetry Club," and frequently contributed to "Mansel," the Oxford publication, a little book called "The Quest of Beauty" by him, and a mass volume of poems and sonnets will be printed shortly.]

## THE STRONG MAN OF AUSTRALIA.

### HOW THE HIGH COMMISSIONER ROSE FROM PIT-BOY TO PREMIER.

By AUBREY WILMER.

WHEN the biography of Mr. Andrew Fisher, the new High Commissioner for Australia, who arrived in London yesterday, comes to be written it will doubtless be labelled "From Pit-Boy to Premier."

The alliteration will prove irresistible; and, after all, why should we sniff at it when the phrase sums up so succinctly the romance of Mr. Fisher's career? For Mr. Fisher is what we nowadays call a romantic figure: romantic to himself because he became a Premier; romantic to the public because he was once a pit-boy.

Or perhaps the volume will be called "The Strong Man of Australia." Andrew Fisher has

against the low roofs of the passages in which it was impossible for anyone to stand upright.

And he began to think—to think about men and masters; about rights and grievances; about minimum wages and the right to breathe. He became a district secretary of the Ayrshire Miners' Union; proved a thorn in the side of his employers; was black-listed among the men whom it was decided not to employ again; and emigrated to Australia.

Andrew Fisher has himself explained his reasons for invading the Colonies, and they are the reasons of ninety-nine emigrants out of a hundred. He wanted to live "a big, free life"; he wanted to expand. So he became a Cornstalk and dug for gold.

### COAL AND GOLD.

It was in the Burrum and Gympie fields that he worked as gold-digger and prospector; and, just as, when a coal-miner in Scotland, he had become one of the men's representatives, so in Australia he became the gold-miners' leader. In 1893 he was elected to the Queensland Parliament as member for Gympie; soon after he

## PATRIOTIC PROBLEMS.

### ART AND NATIONALITY NOW AND IN THE FUTURE.

#### ART AND PATRIOTISM.

DOES not Mr. Martin Shaw see the danger of narrowing art to nationality?

The two things are quite distinct.

Art is free—a free activity of the spirit of man. It knows no bounds, and one of the reasons for the immensity of its future is that, like the Christianity which St. Paul took to the Gentiles (when St. Peter wished it to be confined to the Jews), it is universal.

Would anyone today have heard of Christianity if St. Paul had not had the courage to break the bounds of nationality? Humanly speaking, no.

As to Mr. Shaw's argument, that we ought not to go to any nation but our own to drink of the fount of inspiration, I cannot believe he has really thought it out.

Are we to place

Elgar before Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner? Are we never to go to Bayreuth, in case it might be "unpatriotic"? One of the disastrous effects of this war is likely to be such narrow and narrowing views as these.

As to Shakespeare, he came under every influence of his fine Renaissance time—Italian especially. His universality is what marks him off from smaller men.

A. M. E.  
Milner-road, Merton, S.W.

#### HARD ON LAWYERS!

MAY I be permitted to put a question through the medium of your paper? I would ask how much longer is this country going to put up with lawyers in Parliament?

The war will never end while they are there. It states quite plainly in the Bible that lawyers will find it very difficult indeed to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. It should have been made even more difficult for them to enter the Houses of Parliament.

The lawyer's mind is a quibble in itself; it is part—a large part—of a lawyer's stock-in-trade to argue and bicker until everybody but himself is nearly distracted.

We want men of business capacity to assist in the government of the country, but we do not want lawyers. Let them stay in the Law Courts; and try to fit themselves for Heaven in the Long Vacation.

Are millions of young and gallant lives to be lost while the dry bones of the law rattle and rattle at each other, listening all the time through the ghastly din of battle for the jingling of the coin that they consider their due?

G. JONES.  
Moor End, Beaulieu.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 30.—The prettiest flowers to be found in the garden to-day are certainly the early-flowering cyclamens.

They are quite easy to grow if given light soil mixed with plenty of leaf-mould; the position should be shady. They are not harmed by frost and bad weather, clumps of their bright flowers remaining decorative for many weeks.

Coum (deep rose) and ibericum rubrum (crimson) are the new in full bloom. The latter has pretty silver-zoned foliage.

E. F. T.

## THE CHILD AND THE WAR.—No. 3.



Our cartoonist, in a mood of "pessimism," seems to discern that our instincts are necessarily destructive. And perhaps all wars come from the root-instinct in humanity to break and pull things to pieces? (By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

proved himself that. But such a title might be misleading, inasmuch as he was not born or bred in the Commonwealth. His native country was, of course, Scotland, where the Premiers come from. Crosshouse, Kilmarnock, was his birthplace; and thereabouts, at the age of ten, he began to earn his living in the same occupation as that of his fellow-countryman, Harry Lauder, of whose subsequent record he has not fallen far short.

In becoming a pit-boy, Fisher followed in the footsteps of his father, who was a working collier.

For some years he worked in the pits as a drawer. He used to fill the hutchies at the coal face. He used to push them out over the unevenly laid roads, very often ankle deep in mud. He used often to bump his head, he has related,

gained a seat in the Queensland Ministry; on the formation of the Commonwealth Parliament he was returned for White Bay; and, in 1910, three years after he had become leader of the Labour Federal Party, he formed his first Government.

Previous to this he had been Minister of Railways in the famous Deakin Administration, which was the first Labour Government to assume control in the history of the world.

Fisher's Government, however, was a far more successful affair, although some of his old colleagues dubbed him bitterly "A Fisher for votes." Almost as soon as he had assumed office the Broken Hill miners' strike began, and there was some wild talk on the part of the leaders. It became Fisher's duty—and he did not shrink that duty—to intimate firmly that the

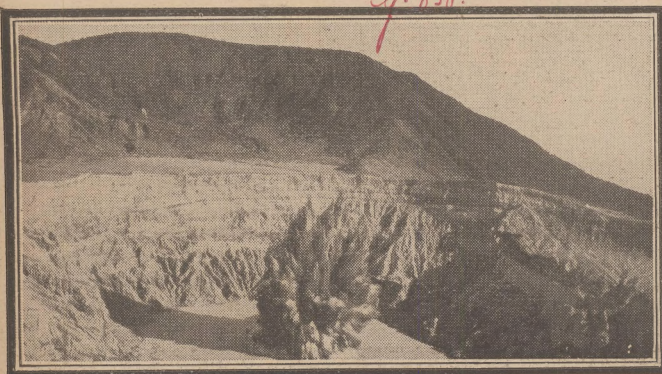
law would be maintained. It was recalled that just twelve years before the war had broken and the miners' strike at Broken Hill, and that Andy Fisher, then a working miner, had sent a donation of £15 to the strike fund.

But Andrew Fisher has no pride of opinion, though he has both opinion and pride. He does not puff out his breast with the vainglorious and insensate declaration that "what I said twenty years ago I say to-day"—in other words, that he has not developed. He went to Australia for expansion, and he expanded.

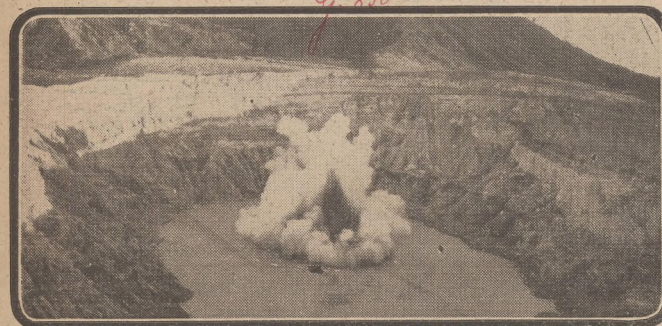
#### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The art of being happy is the art of discovering the depths that lie in the common daily things.—Brierly.

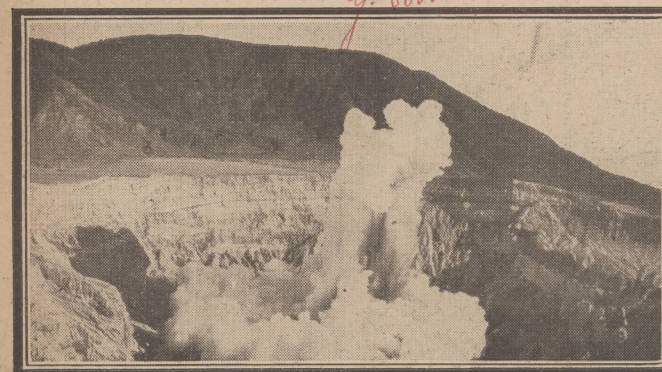
## NATURE LAYS "MINES" LIKE MAN



Like a photograph of a mine crater with a shell exploding in it.



Like a mine explosion after the earth and debris have fallen.



For comparison with the effects of the explosion of a military mine.

These photographs illustrate three phases of an eruption on Mount Poas, a volcano in Costa Rica, Central America, and show how the craters formed by nature are like those formed by man in warfare.—(By courtesy of the *Illustrated London News*.)

## NOW A COMMANDER



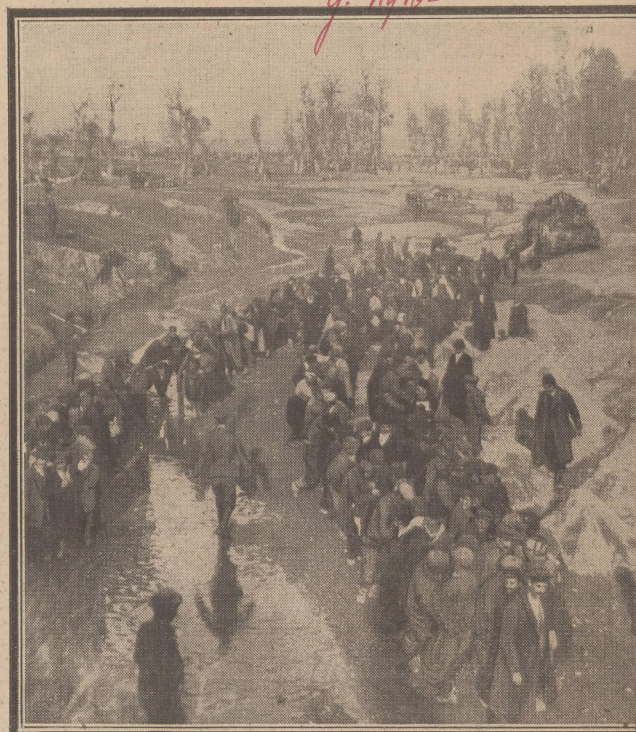
Lieut.-Commander Charles H. R. Slingsby, who has been promoted. "Teddy" Slingsby is the central figure in the now famous case.

## NO WONDER THE GREEKS WERE INTERESTED.



British caterpillar tractor hauling a heavy gun in Salonika. (Crown copyright reserved.)

## HUMAN TEAM TO DRAG A TREE



Two hundred and fifty labourers (chiefly Serbian refugees) dragging a tree to make a d. They are glad to be of use to their allies.—(Official photograph from Salonika. Crown copyright reserved.)

## V.C.'s COMRADE.



Corporal A. J. Stirk, who was with Private Caffery when the latter gained the V.C. Stirk gets the D.C.M.

## V.C. VISITS HIS OLD SCHOOL

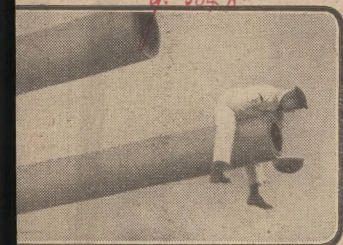


Sergeant Meekosha, of Bradford, talking to one of the fans at his old school, St. Joseph's. The pupils gave a tremendous reception.

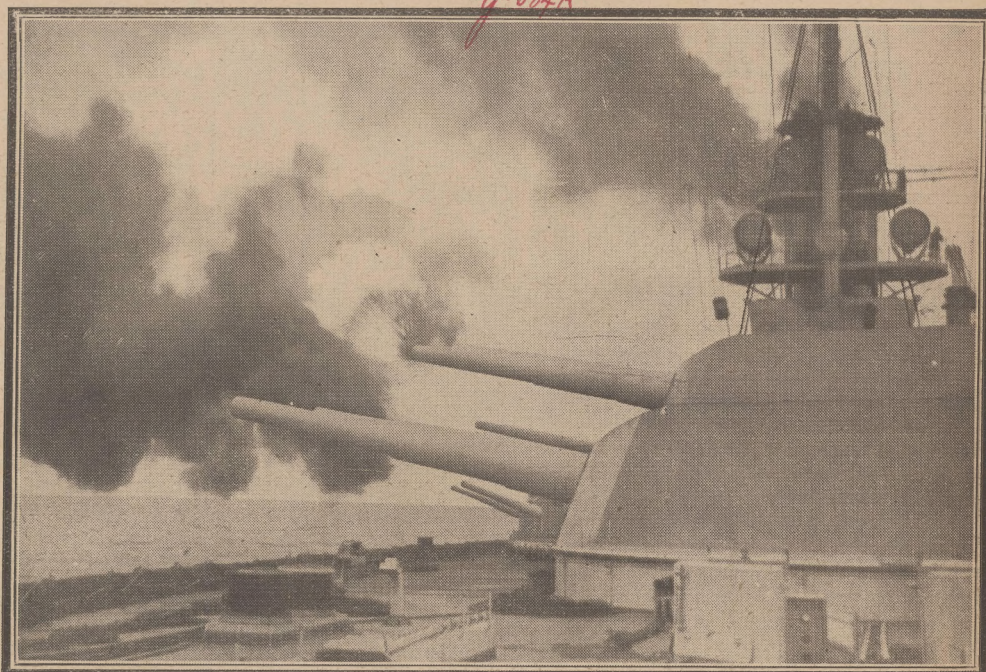
# ARE NEUTRALS CREDULOUS ENOUGH TO "SWALLOW" THIS?



"Transport of a big powder case."



"Oiling the mouthpiece of a big gun."



"A broadside" is the German title. "How we slaughtered the children at Scarborough" would have been a better one.



"The captain tastes the ship's dinner."



"In rough weather." Terrible storms occur in the Kiel Canal.



"Practising at ramming a submarine."

many is now trying to impress neutral countries by a series of photographs (taken prebably in peace-time) which illustrate the "activities" of the Grand Fleet. The titles under are those chosen by the Huns. Certain important omissions have been made, and they

might add the following pictures:—"Barnacle scrapers (starred men!) at work on a battle cruiser," "Tirpitz timidly peeping through the lock gates of the Kiel Canal," and "Captain Persius sinking the British Fleet with his pen from his study in Berlin."

## THE POILUS TAKE A 'BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY.



up of French soldiers who visited the Invalides, Paris, where this gun, which they helped capture from the enemy, is on view. They were all wounded during the operation.—(French War Office photograph.)

## NEW V.C. WITH THE KING'S GUARD.



Lieutenant A. Boyd Rochfort, V.C. (Scots Guards), who is on duty with the King's Guard until he returns to the front. He is seen here marching to Buckingham Palace at the head of his men.



Latest fashion Fur trimmed  
Cape-descent **Robe**, rich  
heavy quality, beautifully  
made. Perfect shape. **22/11**  
In Navy, Black, Grey, Navy,  
Grey, Silver, Navy, & Black.

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Opportunities for these SPECIAL VALUES.  
Reduced to 2 LAST WEEKS of Winter  
Sale. Visit of inspect on will be amply repaid.  
Post Orders have prompt attention in retail.



50. Women White Women  
Nightsweaters, trimmed  
with black lace. Good quality,  
full size and unobtrusive  
to be worn at night.  
Post 4/6.  
3 for 8/9 post 6d.

Sale  
Catalogue on  
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Handsome Black "Lout"  
Velvet-cloth. Exposed  
made on very latest lines,  
fully adaptable to almost any  
figure. A Marvellous **23/6**  
HARGAIN (post free)  
Honesty worth 3 gns.  
Also in Navy.

Rich Quality  
Black  
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Costume Skirt. Well made  
in the latest style. 2 gns.  
SALE PRICE Post 15/11  
Post 15/11  
36, 38 and 40 ins.



Sale Bargain 0-6 of 150  
Black Chiffon Skirt in  
Brown and White. Also in  
Navy and Black. Chiffon  
Skirt. **12/11**  
Actual value  
21/-  
SALE PRICE  
12/11



New shape Corset  
in modigliani White  
Bovine. Good strong  
red ribbed lining, bound  
with Satin Ribbon.  
SALE **5/11**  
(Postage 6d.)  
Usual price  
6/11. 31 gns.  
20 in. to 26 in.



Smart Striped Loupane  
Satin-lace Silk Blouse,  
new shape. In White Cream,  
Leopard, Red and Grey.  
Usual price 9/11.  
SALE PRICE **3/11**  
Post 4d.



Beautiful  
Silk Robe  
of rich  
quality Black  
Taffeta. Taffeta of soft Silk  
Satin. Latest design. Beautifully  
made. Usual price 42/-.  
SALE PRICE post free **21/11**  
3-1/2 length—36, 38 & 40 ins.

At Qual. E.P.S.  
Electro-plated Tea  
Spoons. Sheffield  
make. Half doz. 1/-  
(Post 3d.)  
Also in Case with  
Sugar Tongs to match.  
Usual price 5/-.  
Case complete **2/6**  
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An Exceptional  
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new shape. In White Cream,  
Leopard, Red and Grey.  
Usual price 9/11.  
SALE PRICE **3/11**  
Post 4d.



Beautiful  
Silk Robe  
of rich  
quality Black  
Taffeta. Taffeta of soft Silk  
Satin. Latest design. Beautifully  
made. Usual price 42/-.  
SALE PRICE post free **21/11**  
3-1/2 length—36, 38 & 40 ins.



Lot M. 24. 3/9  
Sale Price  
Box and Post 6d.  
Charming Silk Hat  
for early Spring wear.  
A becoming soft Pull-  
on shape, trimmed  
with black lace. Colours:  
Black, Navy, Purple,  
Navy, Saxe or Wine.



5/11. Part Post  
4d.  
Remarkable Offer. Ladies'  
Frocks, made from good  
quality Delainette, in  
Navy, Grey, Brown,  
Saxe, cut on the very  
latest lines, full fitting  
and New Full Skirt.  
Winter double.



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Winter double.

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On the First Floor Main Buildings of other Buildings.  
**EXAMPLES of Value. Hundreds of other Bargains.**  
**DRESSING GOWNS.** 150 Real Lamb's Wool, edged, Silk, all colours. With 25/9. **All One Price 15/11**  
**UNDERSKIRTS.** 120 Mercerised Poplin. Black and all leading colours. Worth 7/11. **All One Price 4/11**  
**GIRLS' ULSTERS.** For Ages 12 to 17. In Prince of Wales. Worth 50/- to 70/-. **All One Price 29/6**  
**CORSETS.** Odments, Royal, Worcester Corsets. Usual Prices 12/11 to 4 guineas. **All One Price 5/-**  
**SILKS.** Military Stripe Taffeta, mostly regimental. 19in wide. 1/- Worth to-day 1/11.

#### LAST WEEK OF GREAT SALE

DRAPERY, FURNISHING & HOUSEHOLD REMNANTS  
Buyers themselves halve the prices on the tickets.

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THE LONDON MANUFACTURERS  
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Special Value. Made in good  
Covert Coating. Up-to-date  
design, with wide military belt,  
very stylish. Colours: Green,  
Fawn, Fawn and Dark Grey.  
Sizes: 48, 50, 52, 54 and 56 in.  
Lengths. Price 12/6 cutt. paid.

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90 & 92, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

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### LADIES' TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES

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TO MEASURE.



### BENSON'S, Ltd.

149, STRAND, W.C. (opp. Gallery). Estab. 1905.  
102, BROADWAY, N.W. (near Marble Arch).  
89, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C. (opp. Post Assurance).  
69, CHURCHILL ST. E.C. (opp. Queen Street).  
152, FINSBURY ST. E.C. (opp. Road Land).  
286, GOLDHAWK RD. N. (Shepherd's Bush Empire).  
71, 73, 75, CAMDEN RD., CAMDEN TOWN, N.W.



GIVES STRENGTH TO WIN.

## PERIL IN GLOW OF A MATCH.

Discomforts of Voyage on a Transport.

### READY FOR "U" BOATS.

Interesting particulars of the safeguards which were to be followed in the case of a submarine attack on board a transport carrying South African troops is related in the following dispatch issued by Reuter's Agency.

"Before the ship was clear of the harbour orders were issued that lifeboats were to be worn by all on board at all times, except at night when sleeping, when they were to be kept under the pillow.

Strong guards were told off and sentries posted to keep a sharp lookout and give warning of the approach of submarines.

Machine-gun sections with their guns were placed at various points of the ship ready for instant action, and every man on board was shown the exact position he was to take up on deck in the event of an alarm and given full and explicit instructions as to what route he was to take in order to reach his post.

"With a large number of troops on board all traffic required very careful regulating if congestion and consequent delay were to be avoided.

"For this reason muster alarms were frequently practised during the voyage, and the results were highly satisfactory.

Concerts at night were forbidden because it is believed that the sound of music is carried by

### THE FUNNIEST BOOK OF THE YEAR

is "Daily Mirror Reflections in Wartime," Volume IX, of Mr. Haseldene's cartoons, which is on sale everywhere. It contains over 100 cartoons, including the "Miss Flannerton" and "The Willies" series. Price 6d. net from booksellers and newsgate, or post free 8d., from the Publisher, Daily Mirror Office, Boulevard-street, E.C.

water, and can be heard by submarines even when submerged.

Smoking on deck after dark was forbidden, owing to the distance at which the glow of a cigarette or the lighting of matches can be seen.

All portholes were covered up and had to be kept strictly closed at night, causing a certain amount of discomfort for lack of ventilation.

Doorways opening on to the decks were locked at night and sentries posted over them to safeguard against their being inadvertently opened and lights thereby disclosed.

Of recreation during the voyage there was none.

The transport now lies safely at anchor and disembarkation has begun.

But of regrets that the voyage is over there are none.

### HUNS' LAST RESERVE.

Calculations of the Average Wastage of German Man Power per Month.

Up to the present there has been no evidence to upset the estimated average of German losses arrived at many months ago, says Mr. H. Warner Allen, special correspondent of the British Press with the French armies.

And he adds, without any reason to believe that they have lost, and are continuing to lose, an average of 200,000 men per month, dead or otherwise permanently disabled.

From calculations which have recently appeared in the French press, and which estimate the total man power of Germany at about 9,000,000, it appears that on January 1, 1916, the Germans had available, to keep up their numbers, a reserve of about 800,000, including their BEW contingent, which has not yet been called to the colours.

If the present rate of wastage is maintained, this reserve of 800,000 men should be exhausted at some time during the month of April.

In these circumstances it is clear that Germany must seek for more reserves.

Further reserves can only be obtained by extraordinary measures, and these measures have already actually been taken or are under consideration.

After discussing the sources which the Germans will tap, Mr. Allen says:—

"We therefore arrive at the conclusions that, by extraordinary measures, the Germans may still be able to raise another 900,000, for the most part of inferior quality, to keep pace with the wastage of their army, and that this last and final reserve should be exhausted. The average of wastage remains stationary, during the month of August next."

### RAISE THE LAST £500.

The Daily Mirror Nurse Cavell Memorial Fund has now reached £29,500.

The total aimed at is £30,000, and every reader is asked to assist in raising the final £500.

There still remain some thousands of autograph portraits of Nurse Cavell specially produced on white satin.

All applications for the portraits should be addressed immediately to the Nurse Cavell Fund, The Daily Mirror, 23-29, Boulevard-street, London, E.C.

Turn to Page 5 for the Opening Chapters.

# LOVE ME FOR EVER

By META SIMMINS.

(Continued from page 5.)

She began to laugh. Her nerves were unstrung. The pain yesterday—of many yesterday—had brought her nearer to a breakdown than she had guessed.

"Olive, dear," her father said, "what is a man to do? I wanted a little happiness—I needed companionship—I could not expect to have you beside me always. You'll be marrying yourself. I couldn't take the loneliness."

His selfishness appalled and amazed the listener. She realised what it was that had robbed her mother of vitality. That was stretching out now to rob some other woman.

She had no curiosity as to whom that woman might be; she was conscious of one thing only—that her father's news had come too late. She had made her sacrifice in vain—made it for a man who cared nothing for her. Made it out of respect for a promise made to a dead woman—whose memory was already forgotten.

Only last night—and a way of escape had been open to her. Love and a share in a man's life. Love and the crown of womanhood. . . . Only for this man's sake she had closed that way of escape.

"Olive, come, my dear!" Mr. Chayne came near her. "You mustn't take it as badly as all this. Why, love will be coming to you, too. You wouldn't want to be tied to an old man's side when I have called you to be a young man's wife! And I shall be very glad when you have got a husband to protect you. It makes all the difference to a woman, let me tell you. And though, of course, your home will be with me yet—it's useless for either of us to pretend that things can be quite the same."

Father's voice broke in on his halting sentences with a desperate urgency. "Please understand me," She hesitated for a moment. A fierce impulse stirring in her heart. Her father had practically told her that he did not care how soon he was rid of her.

And—after all—why shouldn't he be rid of her? Yes, there was only one thing for her to do. She must throw off the yoke.

"You see—as a matter of fact—I am going to be married myself," she said in an odd little voice. "Quite soon. To Rupert Heathcote, you know. We—we were practically engaged before he went out to Africa."

That was a white lie, she knew that. Yet, for all that, as soon as the words were spoken a sense of joy and peace came over Olive Chayne. As if she would slip out and be free.

That was a white lie, she knew that. Yet, for all that, as soon as the words were spoken a sense of joy and peace came over Olive Chayne. As if she would slip out and be free.

She laughed at her father's bewildered face and slipped her hand under his arm.

She had never felt so happy in her life as she did that afternoon when she came out from the office where she had handed in her cablegram. It ran:—

"Theodore, Omballa, West Africa—Letter a mistake. Sailing on the Darraclough—Olive."

### THE LAND OF PROMISE.

OLIVE CHAYNE leaned on the rail of the verandah that ran the length of the ramshackle hotel. She looked out towards the distant sea that spread like a pall of black velvet, its edges tinged with the white of the great surf waves whose booming was in her ears.

So this was Africa. She had not been many hours in Omdura, the little coast town, half a day's journey from Sierra Leone, where Heathcote had arranged to meet her, and as yet she had scarcely recovered from the fatigues and excitements of landing.

It was nine o'clock at night, but the heat was still intense—the terrible West African heat that turns men's wills to water and rots away their powers of self-control in things great and small.

She felt almost intolerably tired because she was so disappointed. Heathcote's wire had warned her that he might be delayed. But she had not for a moment imagined that he could allow himself to be delayed.

A man, so she had told herself, does not easily allow himself to be delayed when he is going to meet the woman he loves—the woman who has travelled thousands of miles over the sea to give him happiness.

It was all fantastic. Life for the last weeks had been all dreamlike and unreal. Her father's marriage, her own swift decision to come out here—the journey, and now the arrival.

With an impatient sigh she turned back from the verandah into the room behind her. The shaded light touched her with a tender radiance. She looked very beautiful as she stood there

listening and waiting, a vision to stir any man's pulses.

Someone knocked at the door, and the dark face of a kuro boy was thrust into the room. She heard him shout something in his unintelligible English, and then he was gone.

Rupert Heathcote was in the room. This was the man she loved. Clad in the rough Colonial garb, he looked every inch the sportsman, the fellow he was.

She stood looking at him across the flood of lamplight, her hands outstretched. But for a moment he did not cross the space that separated them. When he did so there was a certain look of embarrassment on his handsome face.

"By Jove, Olive, it's amazing to see you here!" he said. "And delightful! Who on earth would ever have prophesied that this would be our next meeting-place!"

There was something in his words that touched the listener fairly coldly.

"Is that all you have to say to me?" she asked.

"Why, no, of course not! I'm forgetting all my duties. Dick's love, and all that, Olive, and he's thunderingly sorry, but it is utterly impossible for him to get down to Omdura to-night. He'll be here before daybreak, however, and—well, he'll be able to make his apologies much better than I can."

"Dick!" Olive repeated. "But why on earth should Dick worry about me? It's just like him, of course—but . . . I—I'm all right now . . . as you are here."

Rupert Heathcote gave her a quick, curious glance.

"It's very nice of you to take it that way, of course," he said with his soft, slow laugh; "but naturally, when a girl has come out from England to marry a man, he feels it due to her to be there to meet her. Only—it wasn't humanly possible for Dick . . ."

"Marry . . . marry Dick." The words almost fell from Olive Chayne's lips. "Dick . . ." What on earth did he mean? Was it possible that Rupert could think that she had travelled from England to marry Dick? There was a strange look in Rupert's eyes.

The room seemed to reel about her as with a numbing shock the thought forced itself upon her—there had been a terrible mistake—she had misread the signature in that fatal letter.

There will be another fine instalment of this great story to-morrow.

# A MAN OF HIS WORD

By RUBY M. AYRES.

### CHAPTER LAST.

IT was the smell of scorched bread that I brought Jean back to the every-day world; she freed herself from Robin and grabbed for the toasting fork.

"That's the second slice we've spoilt," she said; she looked at Robin with dancing eyes; suddenly she leaned forward and kissed him on her own accord; she kissed each forehead.

"You might have been killed," she said with a little shiver. "I can't bear to think about that dreadful night."

He paid back the kisses with interest.

"Well, don't think about it, my dear," he said. "There are lots of much more interesting things in the world—such things as getting married, for instance, and going out to India with a Grim Griffin."

She blushed adorably.

"I thought you didn't want me."

"You didn't think so at all," he contradicted her calmly. "You knew perfectly well that I've wanted you ever since that night at Euston, when you were so abominably rude to me; or at least you ought to have known it, if you didn't."

"I dare say I shall be rude to you again—lots of times."

"I hope you will. I don't want to think that I've crushed all the spirit out of you," he told her mischievously.

Rupert's arm round her again.

"Robin, does—does Aunt Lydia know?"

"She does; she said she guessed it before I told her."

"Is Robin?" indignantly.

"Well, and why not? Miss Lydia is a woman of great discernment; she told me that she guessed directly you came in this evening."

Jean laughed vexedly; she stiffened her slim body a little.

"No—you were the most obstinate—"

"But you do love me—all the same!" she broke in wistfully.

He caught her to his heart with sudden passion.

"I think I've always loved you—ever since—ten years ago, when you were a little scrap of a girl and used to call me 'Robin, dear.'"

"Really and truly?"

"Really and truly." He held her at arms length for a moment. "Jean—is it possible to get some sort of a trousseau by Tuesday morning? I suppose you won't be married without a lot of new frocks and trinkeries, and the boat sails on Thursday."

"I got a special licence yesterday—it's here if you want to see it. Well! What do you say?"

Jean blushed up to her pretty eyes.

"I don't mind not having a trousseau, so long as—as I've got you," she told him in a whisper.

And Robin said—but what Robin said was only a whisper, and so nobody heard.

British bluejackets are never at a loss to find means of amusing themselves in whatever circumstances they may be placed, and they are particularly fond of putting on fancy dress. On the left is "William Sikes, Esq."

## HEALING FARMS.

Women's Scheme to Grow Herbs for Medicinal Purposes.

### REVIVING OLD INDUSTRY.

Herb-growing for women is the newest war industry.

Really it is an old industry revived, for in the old days England used to grow most of its own drugs, but in recent years the industry passed largely to Germany.

The result is that now there is a great shortage of drugs, and to meet the increasing needs of the hospitals, the doctors, and the druggists, the Women's Herb-Growing Association has been formed to organise in this country the growth, the collection and the distribution of herbs.

The new association, composed of practical women horticulturists, under the chairmanship of Miss Wilkinson, the principal of Swanley Horticultural College, intends to prove that the industry can again be carried on in this country profitably, and by women.

The intention, Mrs. T. Chamberlain, a member of the association, told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, "is to work a central drug farm, where many of the requisite herbs can be grown, and where possibly wounded soldiers may be employed under trained women growers."

"Then farmers, and people owning estates, allotment plots and gardens, will be asked to devote some of their ground to grow the medicinal plants most urgently needed."

### WAR LINKS PRIEST AND SOCIALIST.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

PARIS, Jan. 23.—War has brought about a reconciliation between the freethinkers of Villedu-Seine (Haute Seine) and the curé M. Mayer.

M. Bouteiller, the blacksmith, was the president of the local Socialist and Freethinkers' Club, and had shown open antipathy to the curé.

After eight months of war he wrote saying he was coming home on leave, and the local freethinkers awaited him at the railway station.

To their amazement they saw M. Bouteiller walk up the platform arm-in-arm with the curé.

"Since I've seen the priest in the trenches," said M. Bouteiller, "I've formed a different opinion of him. He's as good a man as any of us, and he and I are pals."

That evening the Freethinkers' League was solemnly dissolved and the League of Free Frenchmen took its place, with the "Curé" Mayer as its first president.

"Well—out with it," he said resignedly. "I can feel the story, but I don't mind what you say."

She melted instantly.

"I'm happy too, and—Robin, do you know that I owe Gavin—Mr. Dawson, I mean—a lot of money . . . ever since a lot?"

"You don't owe him a penny—I saw him this morning."

She flushed in distress.

"Oh, Robin—you weren't nasty to him?"

"On the contrary, I was most charming," he told her with a touch of sarcasm. "I paid my wife's debts . . . well—my wife that is to be—"

he amended his words as she gave a little exclamation—"and she's a shock."

"Did you? Did you—really—in spite of everything?" she asked in a whisper.

"Yes—in spite of everything—for Lillian's sake."

Jean's eyes flashed.

"Then you think that she—"

She clapped her hands delightedly. "So do I—I think the same."

"And you're not jealous—not a little tiny bit?" he asked.

"Robin!"

His jealous eyes searched her face; after a moment: "Very well—then you may kiss me," he said gravely.

"Not yet—there is something else—Mr. Symons." His face darkened.

"Symons is in bed," he said.

"In bed! Ill?"

"No—disfigured." He laughed suddenly. He glanced down at his uninjured hand. "I managed it quite nicely," he said. "If I fancy he will find it necessary to take a prolonged holiday—somewhere out-of-town." Her eyes fell.

"And I never believed you when you told me what he was."

"No—you were the most obstinate—"

"But you do love me—all the same!" she broke in wistfully.

He caught her to his heart with sudden passion.

"I think I've always loved you—ever since—ten years ago, when you were a little scrap of a girl and used to call me 'Robin, dear.'"

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Jean blushed up to her pretty eyes.

"I don't mind not having a trousseau, so long as—as I've got you," she told him in a whisper.

And Robin said—but what Robin said was only a whisper, and so nobody heard.

This is the end of this story. Readers should now turn to page 5 and begin the opening chapters of "Love Me for Ever."



Sir J. D. Rees.

that his question should never have been put. But Sir John is always asking queer questions. I remember him once making a plea for tigers in the House. He said it would be a calamity for India if the tiger were exterminated.

#### Awaiting Developments.

Judging by the number I have met during the week-end, very few M.P.s have gone out of town for the short recess. As a matter of fact, departments like the Treasury and the Board of Trade are going to be much busier during the next fortnight than when the House was in session. There is a very great deal of activity around Whitehall just now, and two or three members I spoke to probably represented the general feeling when they said they were remaining in town to be in touch with developments.

#### Budget Bombshells.

From what I hear the first few weeks of the new session are likely to be very momentous ones, surpassing in interest even the most dramatic intervals of the session just closed. Everyone is beginning to talk about the new Budget for one thing, and that's likely to be the most stupendous on record. I hear of all sorts of sensational takes it is likely to contain, and as for Mr. McKenna, he's working like a nigger and is having heaps of pow-wows with the pundits.

#### Bonus Bonds.

Although the Savings Committee has not committed itself to Bonus or Premium Bonds, we are likely to hear more of the matter. The Government prefers to take up a cautious attitude, but if there is any general demand the working man will yet have his chance of winning £100,000 for £5.

#### Sir Edwin Pears.

Sir Edwin Pears, I hear, is at present with his daughter at his place in Barnes, where he is enjoying a well-earned rest, which doubtless he the more appreciates after his experience of a Turkish prison, whence he escaped through the good offices of the American Ambassador.

#### His Clever Granddaughter.

His little granddaughter, aged six, is really a remarkable child, speaking English, French and Arabic. The other day she was dressing up in fancy costume, and was heard correcting her mother with regard to the manner in which the Yashmak should be worn. "This is how it is worn in Stamboul," she pointed out.

#### In "Caroline."

Miss Nina Sevensing is very busy these days rehearsing in the new Maugham play, "Caroline," which will soon succeed "Peter Pan" at the New Theatre. Miss Sevensing, who is tall and has delightful fair hair, is Mrs. Victor Longstaffe in home life, and she



Miss Nina Sevensing.

married the Cambridge golfer in July just before the outbreak of war. I remember the wedding had to wait a few weeks because Miss Sevensing was playing in "The Clever Ones" at Wyndham's.

# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

#### The Tiger's Friend.

Sir John David Rees, East Nottingham's member of Parliament, has brought a hornet's nest about his ears from the cinema trade over his recent question in the House about the Scala's German film.

The trade papers are very cross with Sir John, and maintain

#### Begin This To-day.

I should like to remind you again that Miss Meta Simmins's new story begins on page 5. It is a fine romantic story full of thrilling interest, and is a departure from the ordinary serial. The situations are unusually dramatic, and help to make one of the most absorbing stories I have read for a long time.

#### A Girl and a Crisis.

The story is written round Olive Chayne, a charming girl who is suddenly faced with a terrible crisis. All the strength of her character is needed to sustain her in a situation which is one of the most exciting in fiction. The subsequent combination of circumstances is worked out by Miss Simmins in a most absorbing way.

#### Too Much for Him.

"How did you do on the miniature range?" they asked the new man. "Well," he said, "I can't say exactly. But when I had finished I saw the musketry officer crying in a corner."

#### Sir Thomas Lipton.

I hear that Sir Thomas Lipton is still at his place in Bournemouth, where he is recuperating from the severe attack of typhus he contracted in Serbia. As soon as he is able, he is anxiously expected in the States to pay a long-deferred visit, and there preparations are on foot to give this noted yachtsman a reception which will be in accord with his wonderful popularity in America.

#### Mr. Louis Raemaekers—Humorist.

I heard Mr. Louis Raemaekers, the famous Dutch cartoonist, who has so successfully pricked the thick hide of the Kaiser and his "kulturists," make a speech at the Savage Club. I discovered that he is as witty and humorous in speech as he is vitriolic with pencil. The Savage Club, noted for its witty and satiric speakers, cheered him warmly.

#### The Shrapnels.

I am told that the great anxiety of men in the trenches to-day is that they may come out to rest billets in time to see the Shrapnels. The Shrapnels are a troupe of Kitchener pierrots who are on tour behind the front line in something "extra special," and they have a great reputation.

#### Lord Stanley's "Double."

Congratulations to Lord Stanley on his double event at Lingfield steeplechases with Carrigruie and Valentine Maher—his first winners "over the sticks." Lord Derby's son made an auspicious start as an owner last summer when Young Pegasus, carrying his colours for the first time, beat the King's colt, Sunny Lake, at Newmarket by a short head.

#### A Good Paris Omen.

The mild weather took me into the parks on Saturday, where the flower beds look lonely without their customary spring bulb show. Early as the season is, Paris is much in advance of us, according to a friend who has just returned. The rhododendrons in the Champs Elysee are already in flower, weeks before their time, and the crowds of Parisians who flock to see them accept the brilliant show of bloom as a good omen.

#### Lord Rayleigh's Farm.

Excellent work is being done on the farm lent by Lord Rayleigh to the Women's Farm and Garden Union. Girls are trained there in all branches of dairy work and agriculture, and these are not uneducated girls, but women of good standing and high intelligence. Miss M. Grey was recently appointed superintendent.

#### Quirk.

I have noticed how often airmen use the word "quirk" in a derogatory sense, inferring that the person so called is not competent. I asked a flying man what it meant—it is the name given a goose before it can fly, and flying men before becoming expert are so called by their fellows.

#### A Futurist House.

One of the most-talked-of houses in London to-day is the one in which Mr. and Mrs. Bonham-Carter live. It is almost a popular sight in society. It is decorated in the Futurist style, and is a bit of a test for the nerves. They are the first young-married couple to make such a daring experiment. One can only hope devoutly that this somewhat trying scheme of decoration will not spread to restaurants.

#### Boatswain Pounds.

Ever youthful Mr. Courtice Pounds has, as usual, added yet more laurels to his wreath of success in that unusual and charming opera of Dr. Ethel Smyth's, "The Boatswain's Mate." Mr. W. W. Jacobs' story as the foundation of an opera gave us all something of a shock when it was first suggested, but at any rate we realised that if anybody could sing Mr. Jacobs' words or meaning properly it would be Mr. Pounds. And he did. In fact, you would think Mr. Pounds had been born and bred a musical boatswain of Wapping, E.

Mr. Courtice Pounds.

#### Insolence Indeed.

"What's the charge, sergeant-major?" inquired the company commander. "Sir," said the S.-M., "this man was insolent yesterday morning on parade. Said his platoon commander was as big a mug as the adjutant."

#### The Man Who Knows.

I hear that there is a certain man who knows more about affairs in the Near East than any other living Englishman—who can speak Arabic, Turkish, French and German, and not merely the language but the different patois—who can so assume, and with perfect success, the strangest disguises—whose name is never mentioned, but who is always referred to as "the man who knows."

#### In the Workshops.

Somebody really ought to compile a list of distinguished "factory girls." In these days so many charming young society women are working, and working hard, too, at munitions work. The original of this photograph



Miss Evelyn Hardcastle.

is one of them. She is Miss Evelyn Hardcastle, a step-daughter of that popular hostess, Priscilla Lady Annesley. Miss Hardcastle is now helping her country in the workshops.

#### "Penny a Week" Fund.

Lady Lincolnshire, who is a Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Alexandra and sister of Lord Sheffield, has become the lady president of a new "Penny a Week" fund organised in Buckinghamshire for the Red Cross Society. This seems a lucrative idea, and if every branch of the Red Cross had its penny fund regularly it would mean a substantial sum for the good work, and a very light burden on the individual.

#### The Shop Assistants' Champion.

I see that Mrs. Bernard Drake has published a statistical pamphlet on "The Shop Assistant." Mrs. Drake, who is the wife of a West End specialist, made a name for herself some years ago in the exhaustive Domestic Service Inquiry instituted by the Women's Industrial Council. Her work is not only thorough, but distinguished by the imaginative quality of sympathy, and shop assistants will be grateful to her.

#### A Dance Trophy.

I saw yesterday a dance programme which should rank unique among war trophies. It is the property of a girl who attended the Australia Day Corroboree, and had the idea of dancing only with decorated soldiers. Her bag included one V.C., a D.S.O., two Military Crosses and four D.C.M.s. "And," she told me, "not a single one of them danced even passably."

THE RAMBLER.



## Skin Deep Beauty

CLASSIC features without a good complexion avail nothing, and a good complexion anyone can obtain, and, with proper care, always retain.

To keep the skin healthy, the pores must be kept clear and the right amount of oil be supplied to the skin. For this purpose the skin is supplied with minute oil ducts, and without the oil thus supplied the skin becomes hard and dry and often peels off.

Frequent ablutions tend to remove this oil, as hard water, the same as poor soap, contains free alkali, and this alkali dries up the oil which is so necessary to the skin's welfare, in addition to closing the outlets of the pores so that they are unable to perform their proper functions. It is the simplest matter possible to overcome the bad and harmful effects that the alkali in soap and hard water, and the dust and dirt in the air have, by the application of Oatine Face Cream, which gets down into the pores and restores to the skin the oil it needs to keep it healthy and the complexion clear and fresh, besides keeping the pores open and healthy. No other cream can do this—hence its success.

Of all Chemists, 1/11 & 2/5. ASK FOR—

# Oatine FACE CREAM

For those who prefer a greaseless cream we manufacture OATINE SNOW, a vanishing cream as its name suggests. It is particularly suitable where the skin is naturally inclined to be oily. All chemists stock OATINE SNOW, price 1/-.

GET A JAR & PROVE ITS WORTH

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To clear ... 8/- 9/- 10/-  
Actual value 24in. 16/6. Upwards 1/8.  
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# THE TALE OF THE SUIT IS SIMPLE

There's No Gainsaying the Flare of the Basque, the Severity of Line or the Plainness of Sleeve.

Trimmings of All Kinds are Denied to the Coat and Skirt Unless It Be Meant for Luncheon Wear.

Where suits are simple hats must follow their lead. A wing is the limit to frivolity.

No wind could blow away this significant little traveling hat of velvet. The checked bow is companion to the coat collar.

A hat for luncheon is decorated by a couple of gleaming daggers of jet. The military curl of the brim is its noticeable feature.



Here is a morning suit, plain as the newest mode decrees, semi-fitted and owning but two buttons. More are considered somewhat overdressed.

A stone-grey costume is braided in blue soutache. The reason for this lies in the lining of cape and saddle pockets—as blue as any sky.

## Coats and Skirts.

NOW is the moment to consider long and seriously the choice of the coat and skirt. It is just coat-and-skirt weather, this late January, when big wraps are beginning toirk, and furs are not enough of protection for the chilly air.

## Notes of Simplicity.

IT has not been possible until now to speak of the newest coats and skirts. Paris had not yet spoken, but now the decree has gone forth. It is this: Perfect simplicity; a long basque that flares, a more than semi-fit to the waist-line, a moulding whose lines are perfect in their elegance over the shoulders and bust.

Now all this is somewhat startling when one's attention has been newly rivetted to bustles, frills and flounces.

## For Morning Wear.

TAKE first the morning and country suit. It will be of a rough tweed for the latter, of a fairly thick cloth for the former. In plain, unadorned lines it will fall over the shoulders, fit close to the figure, and, just where one expects it to fit in to the waist line, out it will flare with a quite decided arrogance until just over the hips.

## Buttonless Coats.

NO trimmings, no excesses. The stitching of the seams is the sole downward line; the revers lie flat and plain. The sleeves own, but do not force on our notice, a plain cuff. Buttons even are sparse, facings (if facings there be) are self-coloured. The sharp brilliant note is struck in the contrasting lining alone.

## For Luncheon Wear.

SO much for the country suit of severity. There remains the lunching, the town suit. For, indeed, in these days of business appointments—committees, meetings, work—to change at lunch time requires time that can ill be spared.

The luncheon suit demands a relaxing of such severity: it pleads for braidings, for stitchery, for the pockets we have so taken to our hearts.

## Bell Sleeves.

THE line remains as before: only the perennial Russian blouse dare question that. But sleeves flare with a quiet discretion into bell shapes where cuffs might be. Sometimes a belt restrains the back seams, but is not daring enough to meet in front. Occasional glints of colour show in stitcheries on a tab of embroidery, a line of soutache braid.

# Two Free Patterns

Next Week

This Week

It's a VERY real pleasure to have patterns like THESE to offer you.

\*\*\*

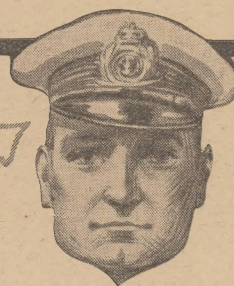
Search London and Paris through and through—and find a simpler Blouse pattern or a more COMPLETELY satisfactory Skirt pattern—IF YOU CAN!

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As a matter of fact, London and Paris HAVE been searched—most thoroughly and exhaustively—to find these very patterns—for YOU.

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## THE MAN WITH THE SQUARE FACE

The surprising adventures of a girl who longed for something to happen—and THIS happened.

THIS is the story they are talking about!

# The New HOME CHAT

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By  
META SIMMINS

Turn to Our New Serial on Page 5.

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

A Thrilling \* \*  
\* \* Romance  
Full of Interest.

## THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER LANDS.

P. 4824.



The Right Hon. Andrew Fisher, who succeeds Sir George Reid as High Commissioner for Australia in London, photographed with his wife and children after landing at Southampton yesterday.

## "THE TIGER'S CUB" AT THE GARRICK.

S.P. 12718.



Bill drugs the cub's coffee. She is now at his mercy.

S.P. 12717.



The cub fights her husband.

Miss Madge Titheradge plays the part of the cub while Mr. Charles Glenney appears as her husband Bill Stark. Mr. Basil Gill is David Summers. He is seen just before killing Bill with a revolver.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



The avenger is at hand.

## LIEUTENANT TARR'S GRAVE.

P. 4623B.



This great footballer lies at rest near Ypres. Rugby has many names on the roll of honour, and they include several internationals.

## A ROAD TRAGEDY.

P. 18623.



Mrs. Lucy Martin, who was found with serious injuries to her throat on the Dorchester-Plymouth road. Near by a soldier lay dead.

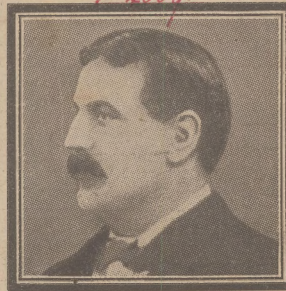
## TWO COUNTERACTING INFLUENCES.

P. 467B.

P. 4009.



The Rev. Henry Carter.



Mr. W. Waters Butler.

Mr. Butler, a well-known Midland brewer, and the Rev. Henry Carter, a teetotaler, have been appointed to the Central Control Board (Liquor Traffic). And there are people who still say that our Government has no sense of humour.

## 'LOVE ME FOR EVER'

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Begins To-day  
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